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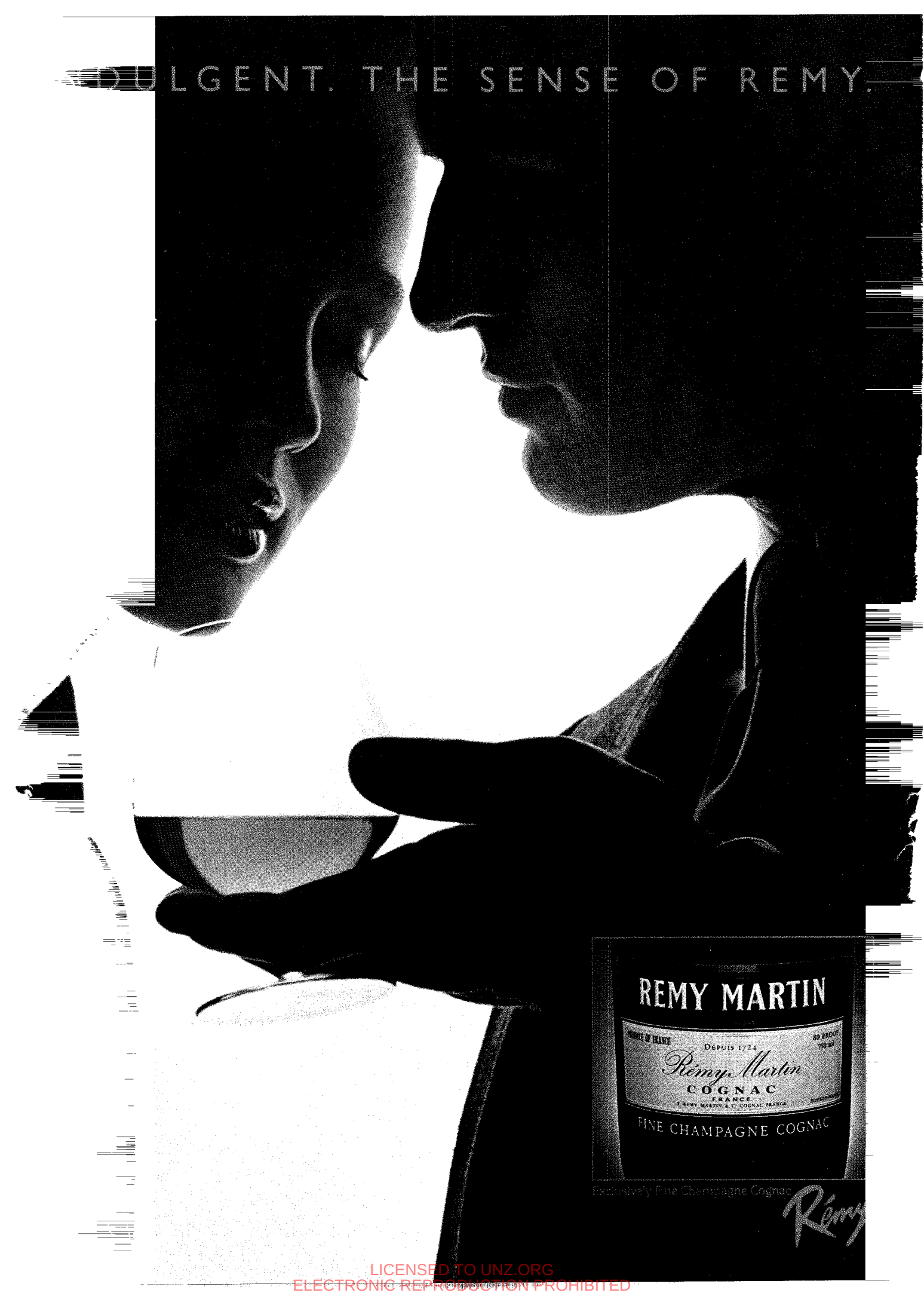

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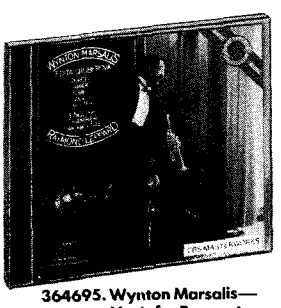

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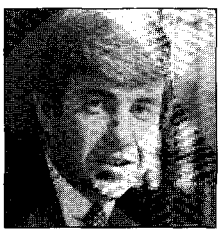
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LETTERS

Wanting the Cup, Not the Race

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. philosophically outlines what the role of government in relation to the citizen should be ("the state ensures that citizen certain immunities against aggression by others: other countries, other people—and his own state") and what it is ("government has certainly become excessive in an America that taxes to provide not only essentials but amenities . . ."). He then says that once government has, even by a fraction, overstepped its boundaries, there is no limit to its "gigantism" and growth. Therefore, for the good of America, the Republicans should win the election in November ["Why We Should Win," Sept. 2] because they best exemplify limited government, low taxes, and loyalty to America.

Unfortunately the Republican Party is not committed to Mr. Buckley's conservative philosophy, although it has borrowed a number of conservative issues. Many true conservatives are still shunned by the Administration. George Bush *happens* to be somewhat embracing conservative issues because he is riding the wake of the most popular President in modern history, who was conservative before it was in vogue to be so. The political "conservatives" of today believe in anti-Communism and lower taxes because they work, not because of any moral imperative. Without the philosophical grounding that Mr. Buckley sets out, the Republicans under George Bush may pull an about-face because of political pressure or a changing electorate. Conservative issues may fall to the history books as an aberration from the middle-of-the-road Republican Party. Let's hope not.

Lenny Baker
Bethesda, Md.

Private Means Private

NATIONAL REVIEW writes that Dartmouth College's suspension of three *Dartmouth Review* editors is a First Amendment issue ["The Week," Aug. 5]. Actually it isn't, or shouldn't be.

There is little doubt in my mind that the three students received their harsh sentences because of their conservative politics. Certainly leftist students who engaged in a "vexatious oral exchange" with a conservative professor would not have been treated so severely, if they were punished at all. But Dartmouth is a private institution, and it has (or should have) the right to make its own rules. Just as Georgetown University should have the right to refuse recognition to gay groups, Dartmouth should have the right to refuse recognition to, or impose stricter rules on, conservative groups—which is not to say that either university's policy is wise.

Freedom and diversity are best served not when every university is required to have the same rules but when private institutions are free to set different standards and offer different environments. Then consumers have wider choices. In such a world, gay students would probably avoid Georgetown and conservative students would shun Dartmouth, and those who think that colleges should provide an atmosphere of general tolerance and robust debate would avoid both.

David D. Boaz
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Boaz is generally correct in saying that private institutions should have the right to manage their internal affairs free of government interference, but the Dartmouth controversy raises extra-collegiate issues. 1) The students were suspended for conducting reportorial duties of The Dartmouth Review, *an independent corporation free of college regulation (a dissociation the college is uproariously prolonging). 2) The students contend that the suspensions were racially motivated and therefore in violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which Dartmouth must obey because it accepts federal money. 3) The students charge that Dartmouth is guilty of violating the internal rules of Dartmouth College (respecting students' right to free speech).* —ED.

Tablet-Keeping

George Nash, in his review of *Keeping the Tablets* [Aug. 5], calls Charles Kesler —one of the editors of that volume—my "former student (and now a colleague) at Claremont McKenna College." As a Yale man, I must alas record that Kesler not only did not study at Claremont, but pursued all of his undergraduate and graduate studies at Harvard. We did not meet for the first time until after he had published his 1979 article, "A Special

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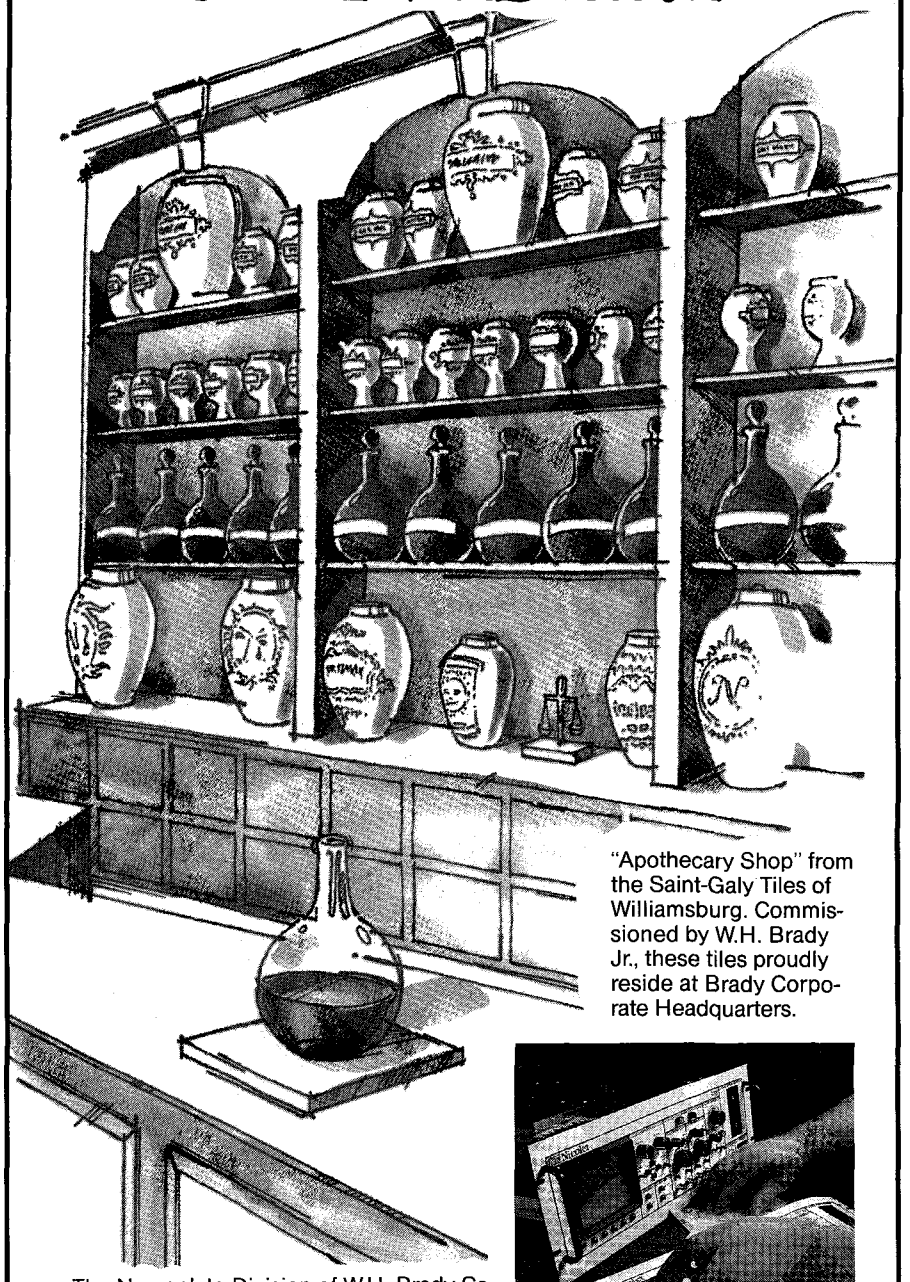

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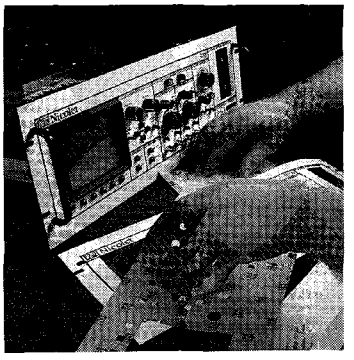

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Meaning of the Declaration of Independence," in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

But Is It True?

While I am in complete agreement with George Gilder's view that the Reagan tax cuts provided a tremendous boost to the U.S. economy ["The Reagan Legacy," Aug. 5], a number of his other contentions concerning production, investment, and manufacturing output completely contradict the data I have seen.

For example, he writes that the U.S. led the world in manufacturing productivity during the Reagan incumbency. While significant gains have been made in the last two years, the fact is that U.S. manufacturing productivity grew more slowly in the 1980s than the average manufacturing productivity of our four major industrial competitors.

Likewise, Mr. Gilder states that we led the world in the growth of investment. He doesn't explain what he means by investment, but by all traditional measurements, net private investment from 1980 to 1986 was by far the weakest in our postwar history. As a percentage of GNP, Japan's net private investment was nearly three times that of the U.S. during this period. And with the steep relative drop in the dollar, the Japanese are now investing at higher rates than Americans in absolute terms.

Finally, while he may be correct that the U.S. share of global computer-software production has been increasing since 1982, he does not mention that the U.S. is now a net importer of high-technology products, including computers and semiconductors.

Some of his other observations (". . . [the] U.S. [has succeeded] in integrating the world economy in the interest of Americans" and "supply-side arguments now resound at the Politburo") will have to await the test of time.

I certainly hope Mr. Gilder's reading of the Reagan legacy is the correct one. I'm not sure I can say the same about some of his economic statistics.

John P. Cregan
U.S. Business and Industrial Council
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Gilder Replies

I am distressed to see Mr. Cregan enlist with the business press and the Dukakis campaign to depict the Reagan economy as basically flawed.

Mr. Cregan's productivity point is partly true but misleading. With the six fastest years of manufacturing productiv-

(Continues on page 59)

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FOR THE RECORD

How to explain substantial upturn in **George Bush** polling figures? CBS/*N.Y. Times* poll that had **Michael Dukakis** 17 points ahead post-Atlanta (50 to 33) found him six points behind (40 to 46) post-New Orleans, less than a month later. . . . *New York Times* chief Washington correspondent **R. W. Apple** says Democrats had expected polls to even off after New Orleans, but that "something was wrong either with that expectation or with the notion that selecting Mr. **Quayle** had hurt Mr. Bush." . . . **Norman Ornstein**, a political analyst with American Enterprise Institute, believes Dukakis's program for furloughing murderers has been big plus for Bush. . . . Former **Carter** Attorney General **Griffin Bell** says Dukakis's opposition to capital punishment will be a "campaign bust" at a time when crime, particularly in the drug field, is rampant. . . . Before GOP convention, Republican political tactician **Roger Stone** explained: "We have to get people to say: 'George Bush may not be what I am, but he *thinks* like I *think*.'" Many believe Bush's effective acceptance speech accomplished this. . . . **Larry Hugick**, an analyst for Gallup, reports independent voters have moved back to Bush recently—particularly women in their thirties and forties who are comfortably off. . . . Finally, voters seem less concerned about Dan Quayle's Vietnam War record than the media are. *Newsweek*-**Gallup** poll on question, "Do you have a less favorable opinion of Dan Quayle because he served in the National Guard instead of in Vietnam?" got 13 per cent Yes response, 74 per cent No. . . . Congressional countdown shows that ninety of 131 congressmen and senators of roughly Quayle's age did no service of any kind during Vietnam War.

Guess what: in the first test on Contra military aid (the **Dole** amendment) **Lloyd Bentsen** flunked. He voted No to Contra aid for first time in his career. . . . Interestingly enough, **Jesse Jackson** had threatened that Bentsen (and presumably Dukakis) might lose black support in November unless Bentsen reversed course on Contras. . . . How is Dukakis candidacy playing internationally? **Daniel Ortega** likes him: "With Dukakis we could have better conditions to work for a new dialogue," Ortega is quoted in *Forbes*. . . . *Izvestia*'s **Aleksandr Bovin** likes him: "Dukakis probably doesn't have experience or charisma. But he has brains. We need people with brains." . . . Britain's left wing is going ga-ga over him. Writes **Brian Walden** in *The Sunday Times*: "Already, a serious case of Dukakis mania has broken out in the newspapers and intellectual journals of the Left. It is not that Dukakis is regarded with affection or approval, but he does seem to have found a way of winning the votes of the gullible." . . . *Punch* keeps its cool. Reporting that Dukakis loves a good joke, it adds: "Though, as **Mark Twain** might have said, a Dukakis joke is no laughing matter."

One for the history books: When Soviet troops moved into Czechoslovakia twenty years ago to crush the Prague Spring, Czechoslovakia's per-capita GNP was higher than Italy's, Austria's, Japan's. Twenty years later Czechoslovakia is listed as a New Underdeveloped Country. . . . Six leaders of the Soviet Democratic Union were arrested and, says **Sergei Grigoriants**, editor of *Glasnost* magazine, severely beaten. They were marching to protest **Brezhnev**'s crushing of Czechoslovakia's premature attempt at *perestroika*. . . . A Bonn poll indicates 56 per cent of West Germans believe West German authorities should prosecute young **Mathias Rust**, just out of the pokey in Russia for landing a plane in Red Square. . . . In Mexico, a rerun of the 170-episode *Path of Glory*, a paean to the Mexican Revolution, is running minus the last thirty episodes, which glorify the deeds of General **Lázaro Cárdenas**, father of leftist opposition presidential candidate **Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas**.

Here and there on the Right: **J. Peter Grace** is hosting dinner for Ethics and Public Policy Center (1030 15th St. N.W., Washington D.C. 20005) to honor outgoing Education Secretary **William J. Bennett**, at Washington Hyatt Regency, September 19. . . . Former National Security chief General **William E. Odom** is joining Hudson Institute. . . . **John Lenczowski** will produce 12-part radio series on history of Communism for Radio America, beginning in January (for info: 202-488-7122). . . . **Jim Whelan**, former editor of *Washington Times*, has been named editor-in-chief of *Conservative Digest*. . . . And **Robert Morris** has come up with fascinating booklet on *Gorbachev's Apparatus in the United States and the "Moscow Spring"* available from National Committee to Restore Internal Security (P.O. Box 234, Mantoloking, N.J. 08738).

Hard to keep a good man down—**Reagan** quip in New Orleans: "Come to think of it, I do have one thing in common with the fellow at the top of [the Democratic] ticket. Come this January, neither of us will be holding a federal office."

Matt, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"Darling, if the children ask, could we pretend we lived together before marrying?"

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THE WEEK

☐ Now we really know we've lost the war in Nicaragua. The *Washington Post* has been printing human-interest pieces about the Contras.

☐ In trying to balance the Massachusetts state budgets for 1988 and 1989, Governor Dukakis had to make some hard choices. So, for example, rather than cut some of the ten thousand jobs he has added to the state's payroll, he wound up cutting $17 million out of the funds allocated for the state's mental hospitals. Dukakis had produced a five-year plan to overhaul the hospital system, ranked 41st in the nation. It is now widely doubted that the plan will be carried out. Meanwhile, none of the state mental hospitals is accredited; this summer, the temperature in some rooms has reached one hundred degrees (though state-government offices are routinely air-conditioned); and 16 patients have died in the last year (at least two of these deaths leading to lawsuits). The Democratic legislature and the Department of Mental Health are rebelling: "If private psychiatric hospitals we license did this, we'd close them down," says the latter.

☐ The picture that former presidential aide Richard Goodwin paints of a mentally disintegrating Lyndon Johnson in 1964 and 1965 has set off a major controversy, with other former LBJ aides—Dean Rusk, Jack Valenti, Liz Carpenter—rushing to LBJ's defense. But Goodwin's account, given in his forthcoming *Remembering America: A Voice from the Sixties* and excerpted in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*, cites chapter and verse and explains certain irrational acts of LBJ's that are a matter of history. As things started to go wrong in Vietnam, says Goodwin, LBJ felt himself isolated by a multiplying number of enemies: the Kennedys, "the Harvards" (intellectuals), State Department cadres, his Vice President, his own aides and associates, a hostile world. "He told me he was going to fire everybody who didn't agree with him, that Hubert [Humphrey] could not be trusted and we [Goodwin and Bill Moyers] weren't to tell him anything, then he began to explain that the Communists' way of thinking had infected everyone around him, that his enemies were deceiving the people and, if they succeeded, there was no way he could stop World War III." And all the time we thought it was Goldwater who was paranoid.

☐ TELLING IT STRAIGHT DEPT. *Time* reports that the Republican platform reflects a struggle between "ultra-conservatives" and "the tiny progressive remnant."

☐ The Democrats' grand strategy has been disclosed by Congressman Peter Kostmayer, who said in Atlanta: "We're not going to blow it this time. Just shut up, gays, women, environmentalists. Just shut up. You'll get everything you want after the election. But just, for the meantime, shut up so we can win."

☐ This isn't Sean O'Casey, it isn't a play, and the shadow of the gunman is real. The Irish Republican Army recently killed eight British soldiers and maimed others as they were returning to their Ulster barracks in a bus. The bomb attack raised the number of British soldiers killed by the IRA this year to 26. The Irish Republican Army is not an army, and it is not republican. It does not fight by the rules of war, it does not wear uniforms, and its politics are Marxist-terrorist. Its majors and colonels would be pumping gas if they were not busy ambushing teenagers or killing Lord Mountbatten. The government of the Irish Republic condemns these terrorists. They are the scum of the earth, along with the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Japanese Red Army, and Qaddafi's murderers—regardless of what various American crazies think, or pretend to think. Go get 'em, Mrs. Thatcher.

☐ For some time, South African President P. W. Botha has offered to release from prison Nelson Man-

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Like spilled soup on a summer suit,
Dan Quayle's debut was sure a beaut,
But French dry cleaning often does
Amazing things with spots and fuzz,
A process now proceeding, which
Could transform this convention glitch
Into an Indiana high,
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W. H. VON DREELE

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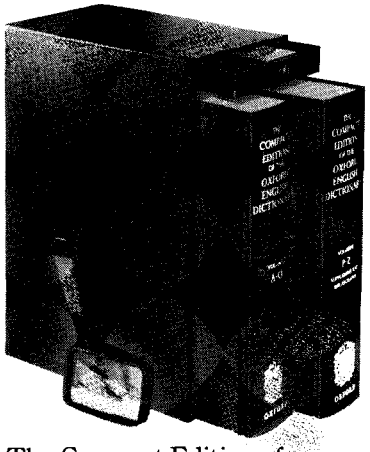

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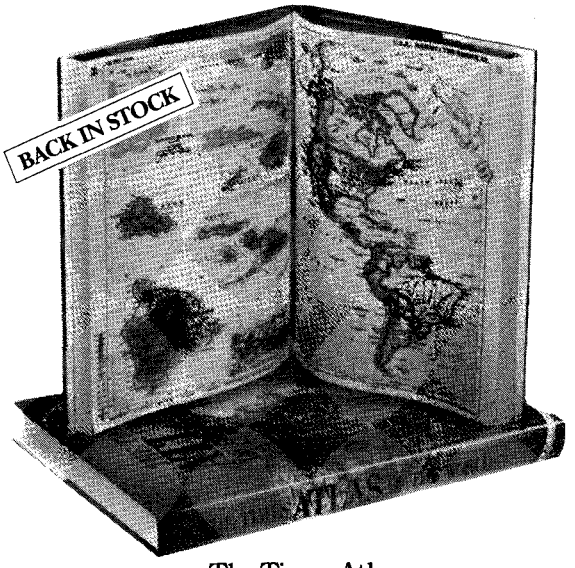

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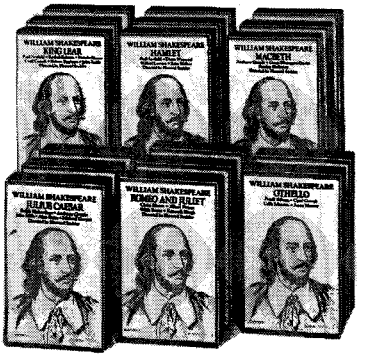

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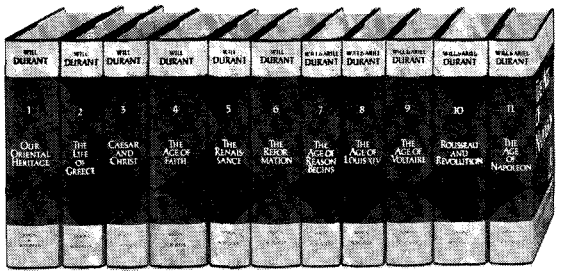
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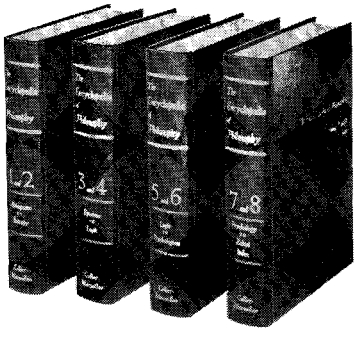

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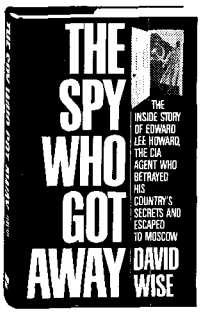
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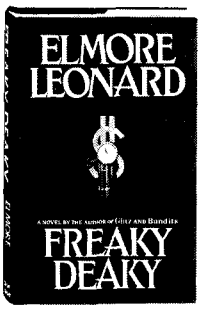

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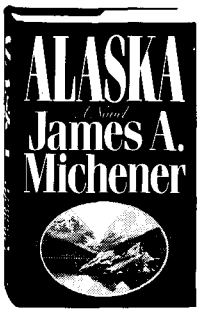

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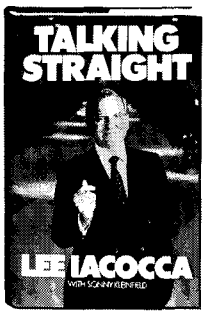

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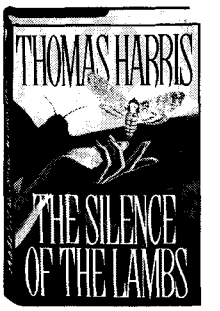

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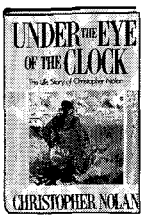

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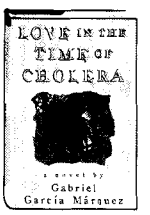

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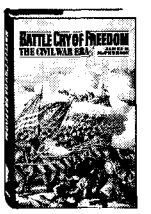

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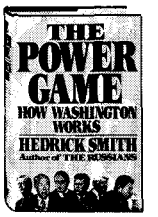

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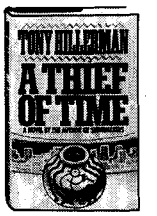

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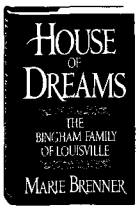

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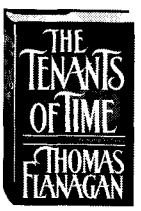

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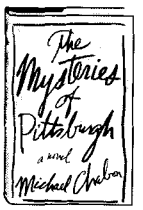

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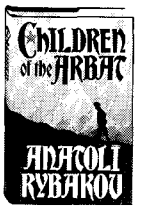

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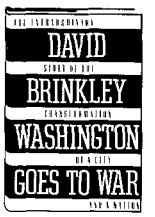

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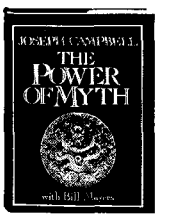

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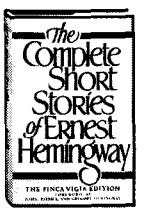

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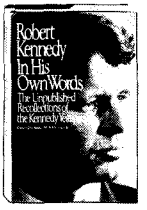

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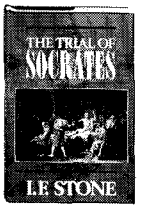

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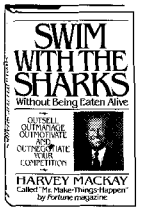

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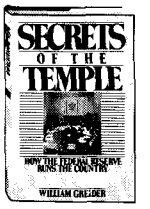

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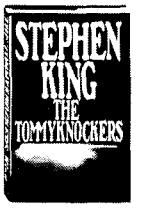

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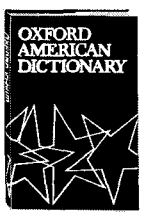

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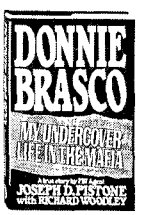

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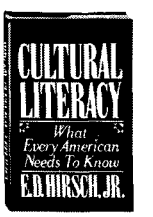

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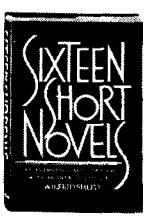

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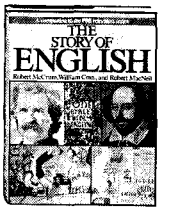

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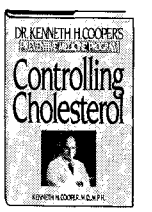

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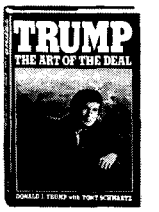

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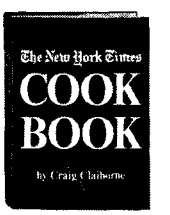

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dela, the seventy-year-old leader of the African National Congress—*if* Mandela would renounce the use of violence. Mandela has persisted in rejecting the offer, on the grounds that "Prisoners cannot enter into contracts," and he has been supported in this refusal not only by the international Left, but, strikingly, by Chief Buthelezi, the man who is in a sense his principal rival for the leadership of South Africa's blacks. Botha, in turn, has held fast to *his* position, and so the matter has stood—until last month, when Mandela was hospitalized with tuberculosis. This puts Pretoria in a cleft stick, afraid that Mandela martyred might do even more harm than Mandela alive and stirring up trouble. As Westerners weigh in with their advice to President Botha, they might do well to consider what Mandela's ANC stands for, as documented in a recent article in *Commentary*: among other things, it praises Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin as heroes; it condemns Solidarity and the Afghan resistance as "counter-revolutionary"; and it calls for the "destruction" not only of whites who support apartheid, but also of those, both white and black, who have chosen some means other than violence of opposing it.

☐ In accepting the Edward MacDowell Medal for his writing achievements, the novelist William Styron observed that Americans in the nineteenth century did not "give a fig for literature," whereas Europe lionized its writers. So much for Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, and Howells. So much for the tumultuously attended tours of Dickens, Thackeray, Arnold, and Wilde. Oh yes—Mr. Styron is a strong supporter of the Sandinistas, a notable literary group, and has signaled his support by touring with Dan Ortega. But he is a great novelist, and Nat Turner was, well, saintly in a way.

☐ You're an honest, dutiful serviceman and you step out for a beer one night to the pub across from the base. You spot your bunkmate slinking off into a dark alley, his gait furtive, his raincoat collar turned up high around his chin. You begin to ponder his fancy cars and high off-hours living. You think back on your espionage briefings and decide to act. But what to do? Tell his Commanding Officer? Dangerous: he might be in on the conspiracy. The chaplain? People for the American Way might object. By now you're getting desperate—but don't worry: help is at hand. After the Walker spy case in 1985, Army Intelligence set up a special hotline. So just pick up the phone and dial 1-800-CALL-SPY.

☐ On September 10, the newly formed conservative Landrum Society (P.O. Box 50684, Dallas, Tex. 75250) will meet in Dallas. This is a Texas version of the Philadelphia Society, and the meeting will focus on the presidential election from a Texas perspective. The speakers will include Bill Rusher, Don Hodel, Alan Keyes, Lance Tarrance, and Representative Dick Armey, who specializes in making miserable the days of Speaker Jim Wright. A good time will be had by all.

☐ Nice quip: Elizabeth Dole's, that the Democratic ticket consists of "Bentsen and Hedges."

☐ *Millionaire* magazine has filed for bankruptcy.

Quayle: Liberal Jujitsu

LET US BEGIN by separating the "controversy" over Senator Dan Quayle from the question of his fitness for the office of Vice President. The "controversy" tells us almost nothing about the senator. It is a Rorschach test revealing our own current obsessions and changing sensibilities.

It tells us, first, about the un-self-conscious arrogance of the media. Journalists—so Sam Donaldson assured us on the Brinkley show—merely ask questions. A prosecuting attorney could claim as little. Both journalists and prosecutors frame their questions to establish a pattern of guilt. They ask some questions and not others. Those who witnessed the inquisitorial frenzy of newsmen at the New Orleans convention, determined to "get" Senator Quayle, gleefully predicting his early dismissal from the ticket, feeding each other unsubstantiated rumors, saw something other than the disinterested search for truth. They saw the Salem School of Journalism at work.

Senator Quayle may have his flaws. But he deserves support against this campaign of smears and character assassination.

Much has been made of his "privileged" background. Privilege is, of course, a notoriously harmful form of upbringing. But the most damaging privilege visited upon Senator Quayle is to have been born into what Archibald Cox called "the best informed, the most intelligent, and the most idealistic [generation] this country has ever known." The tragedy of that generation is that its proclaimed virtues were what other generations have seen more clearly as vices—sexual promiscuity, experimentation with drugs, self-absorption, self-indulgence, and contempt for simple patriotism.

His contemporaries pay Senator Quayle the unintended compliment that the Sixties passed him by. But he has become an unwitting reminder of that chaotic period because of his connection with its overriding obsession—the Vietnam War.

That war remains a lively skeleton in the national closet. Even those who still maintain that U.S. involvement was moral (bolstered by the overwhelming evidence provided by the Cambodian genocide and the eviction of the Vietnam boat people) nevertheless

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regret that the war was largely fought by poor Americans and largely evaded by the nation's elite. That feeling is right and proper. But if Senator Quayle is not a war hero, he is not a draft-dodger either. He joined a National Guard unit, which could have been sent to Vietnam (some were) and so placed himself—however cautiously and improbably—in the line of fire. To argue that only those who fought are entitled to advocate a strong defense is a dishonest attempt to disqualify those conservatives who did not themselves fight (but not, of course, those leftists who burned the U.S. flag). It is also intellectually crass, making personal biography the test of an intellectual argument—rather like saying that only someone who has "died" on an operating table can express belief in the existence of God.

The Quayle "controversy," in short, is a deft example of liberal jujitsu, making use of an opponent's strength to defeat him. It uses the now-renewed legitimacy of the Vietnam War as a test to de-legitimize conservatives and supporters of a strong defense. And it makes the liberal media, which were, at best, neutral over Vietnam, the arbiters of what constitutes "draft-dodging." There is an obvious snag here. Many journalists of the relevant age did not themselves fight. So expect lots of women reporters to show up asking questions.

The real Senator Quayle is remote from the hunted quarry of press and TV who bears his name. Like a recent and admired President, Senator Quayle is one of life's golfers. He played his way through college and, like Churchill, Roosevelt, and Kennedy before him, achieved mediocre grades. Like them also, he has shown since college an ability to respond to challenges and to rise above an early mediocrity. In particular, as a senator, he has mastered the complex details of arms control and succeeded in instilling at least some skepticism into Administration policy.

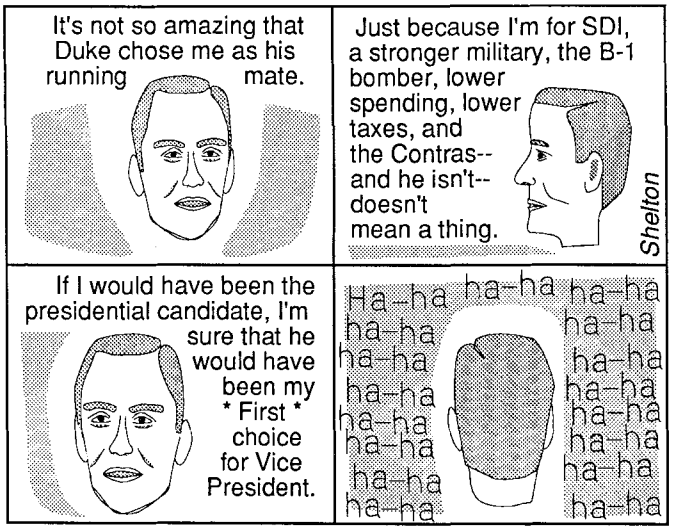
The responsibility of high office has often drawn forth unsuspected qualities in those who have held it. Senator Quayle is today receiving a baptism of fire even before office is won. If he survives the experience, he will be the stronger for it.

The Real Winner

ALL ALONG the conventional wisdom had been that Iran might or might not win the Gulf War, but could not lose it; while Iraq might or might not lose, but could not win.

Well, there was something to the conventional wisdom. Iraq won the war—but what finally tipped the balance was not any sudden access of military brilliance in the Iraqi high command, but rather the firmness of the Reagan Administration's resolve.

Earlier this year, the U.S. fleet in the Gulf, packing more firepower than the entire U.S. Navy during


It's not so amazing that Duke chose me as his running mate.
Just because I'm for SDI, a stronger military, the B-1 bomber, lower spending, lower taxes, and the Contras-- and he isn't-- doesn't mean a thing.
Shelton
If I would have been the presidential candidate, I'm sure that he would have been my * First * choice for Vice President.
Ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha ha-ha

World War II, virtually wiped out the Iranian navy. Iran's oil exports and currency reserves diminished toward the vanishing point. If the Iranians, as they claim, really thought we deliberately shot down the Airbus, then that might have induced scary thoughts among the mullahs of Qum. Meanwhile, their human-wave attackers were advancing in large numbers not upon Baghdad but upon Heaven.

Mr. Dukakis, of course, with his unerring compass, has always been severely critical of American policy in the Gulf; but without it, and without our tilt toward Iraq, the Ayatollah might have won the war and destabilized the entire region, including Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

If anyone hears even one of the major media acclaiming this as a victory of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy, give us a call.

The Global Monetary Squeeze

NOT LONG AGO, many economists were worrying that the Federal Reserve would raise interest rates to keep the dollar from falling. Little did they suspect that the Fed would instead raise interest rates after the dollar had *risen* by 26 per cent against even so solid a currency as the Swiss franc. Since March, a key interest rate on bank reserves, the Fed-funds rate, has been deliberately raised from about 6.5 per cent to over 8 per cent. These interest rates appear quite high relative to recent inflation figures: July consumer prices rose at a 3.6 per cent rate if temporary effects of the drought are—as they ought to be—excluded.

The Fed does not appear impressed with the world's renewed confidence in the dollar. Fed Governors Manuel Johnson, Wayne Angell, and Robert Heller have instead suggested that the Fed should tighten whenever sensitive commodity prices accelerate, and ease when they decline. Indeed, the new Republican Party platform, as well as the recent Toronto summit of leading nations, endorses this ap-

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proach. Yet commodity prices were *not* rising at the time of the Fed's latest interest-rate hike. On the contrary, the IMF index of prices of metals and minerals for July shows "the sharpest monthly fall since the mid 1950s." The price of gold has already dropped by about $50 this year, which, as the London *Economist* points out, "suggests deflation, not inflation." Some economists have proposed that central banks should tighten control when short-term interest rates are far below long-term rates, but that too is the opposite of the current situation in the U.S., Canada, and Britain. Still others suggest the Fed should tighten when measures of the money supply are growing rapidly, but such measures have grown at a fairly modest 5 to 6 per cent rate over the past year.

By a process of elimination, then, most Wall Street pundits have concluded that the Fed is simply aiming at slowing the *real* economy, rather than targeting any objective measure of the value of the dollar. As in early 1981 or in the summer of 1984, the economy is now said to be "overheated"—a condition that supposedly leads to inflation—and the Fed is encouraged (by Democrats) to keep raising interest rates until there are obvious signs of an outright downturn in industrial production and employment. This shows heroic faith in the skills of "fine-tuning," but it is also tuning the wrong instrument. It is obviously possible to have rapid real growth and low inflation, as Japan demonstrates, or anemic real growth and high inflation, as Argentina demonstrates.

Real interest rates have also soared in the United Kingdom, where central-bank rates have been increased to nearly 12 per cent, ostensibly to combat an inflation rate of about 5 per cent. West Germany too has increased interest rates more rapidly than the U.S., despite negligible inflation. The combined growth of money supplies among the six largest nations slowed from 12 per cent to 8 per cent over the past year, as each country tried in vain to push its currency up against the others. If the world's central banks continue to raise short-term interest rates in order to deliberately slow their real economies, their combined actions are all too likely to succeed.

The New Canada

THERE WERE a lot of tear-stained faces in Edmonton —best known as the home of hockey's greatest player ever, Wayne Gretzky—when it was announced that the Edmonton Oilers had traded . . . WAYNE GRETZKY!!! The trade was instantly likened to the 1919 deal that sent Babe Ruth from the Boston Red Sox to the New York Yankees. The analogy would have been better if Ruth had been traded back to Boston the year after he hit sixty home runs. At 27, Gretzky has smashed every major single-season scoring record there was, and he's already breathing hard on the lifetime records Gordie Howe racked up over 26 years. Nobody knows quite how he does it, since he's a slow skater of a slender physique; he just has a preternatural way of turning up with a puck where he's not wanted.

Gretzky will henceforth play in Los Angeles, which is to hockey roughly what Teheran is to the striptease. Hockey is technically legal in L.A., of course, though you might not be so sure of that from watching the Kings play. To get Gretzky, the Kings had to give up several of their star players, defined as those who can tie their own skates on. The Great One has his work cut out for him.

Still, we're lucky to have him in this country. The free market brought him here. Look for Canada to go Communist in the next election.

The Backlash Begins

With pulsing gills and fins a-quiver,
  Members of the working press
Came thrashing up the Wabash River,
  Lusting for an SOS.
Around this feeding frenzy, former
  Neighbors gathered, cheering Quayle,
And as the atmosphere turned warmer,
  TV journalists turned pale.

W. H. VON DREELE

Weicker Watch

THE PRESS CONFERENCE in New Orleans announcing the formation of the Buckleys for Lieberman Committee (see *NR*, September 2) made a big splash back home in Connecticut. Stories on it appeared in the *Hartford Courant*, *Waterbury Republican*, *Litchfield Times*, and *State Line Free Press* among others. Both the *Litchfield Times* and the *Free Press* reprinted WFB's "On the Right" column announcing the formation of BuckPac. . . . Maria Romash, press spokesman for Connecticut Attorney General Joseph Lieberman, Weicker's opponent, commented: "This doesn't reflect the fact that Lieberman and Buckley agree on issues. It reflects the fact that Buckley cannot stand Lowell Weicker." . . . Weicker press secretary Chris Janis said the senator "got a big chuckle out of it, and he feels it's going to be a boost in his campaign." [Senator Weicker does not know how to chuckle. —ED.] . . . Mail to BuckPac (P.O. Box 1464, Sharon, Conn. 06069) was heavy and spirited. Samplings of the comments: "If the Ethnographic Committee fails to find our name in a Connecticut telephone directory, please consider us honorary Buckleys for this purpose . . ." An applicant for Mid-Continental BuckPac

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Is a Tax Increase Unavoidable?

NOTWITHSTANDING both candidates' studious disavowal of any future tax increase, higher taxes are widely regarded as increasingly probable.

Conventional Wisdom (hereafter CW) has it that the U.S. is so far in debt that a tax increase is required in order to avoid a collapse of investment.

Right Data disagrees: The deficit is manageable, given the size of the economy. It stands at 3.1 per cent of GNP this year, down from 6.3 per cent in 1983. State- and local-government surpluses bring the total deficit in the governmental sector down to $103 billion, only 2.3 per cent of GNP. Since 1983, real private fixed investment has increased at a 6.6 per cent average annual rate, exceeding the growth in every other major industrial country. But during the two years prior to the 1981 tax cut, private-sector investment fell, as many U.S. companies invested heavily abroad to avoid high taxes and inflation at home.

CW: A tax increase will lower the deficit and reduce interest rates.

RD: History demonstrates that a substantial part of any tax increase will be diverted to new spending rather than used to reduce the deficit. The $29-billion tax hike enacted following the October market crash was expected to lower the deficit by no more than $21 billion, with the remainder destined for spending.

Interest rates would fall if individuals saved more following a tax increase, but the Treasury Department finds that, at least for the first few years, people defray a tax increase by drawing down their savings. On balance, the recent tax hike increased government spending more than it reduced private spending, thus forcing a rise in interest rates.

CW: Tax cuts are responsible for the deficit.

RD: What tax cuts? From 1973 to 1980, federal revenues averaged 18.5 per cent of GNP. Since Ronald Reagan has been in office, revenues have averaged 18.9 per cent of GNP. Total revenues were $140 billion higher under Reagan than they would have been if pre-Reagan tax rates had prevailed.

CW: Government spending must go up in order to meet America's needs.

RD: Federal spending has increased 70 per cent since 1980, soaking up 22.8 per cent of GNP last year, versus 22.1 per cent in 1980. All the major safety-net programs grew in real terms between 1980 and 1987: Social Security up 2.9 per cent per annum; Medicare, 6.9 per cent; AFDC, 1.2 per cent; housing subsidies, 6.7 per cent. The major exception: unemployment compensation, off an average 4.7 per cent per year, reflecting the record increase in employment.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

chairman, Fire Chief William Buckley Heath of Lenexa, Kansas: "I have used my connections with the police and fire departments to set up roadblocks and assure those people bearing any resemblance to any Buckley that fires at their residences will go unnoticed unless total support is pledged." . . . "Rather than run a slight risk with Lieberman I will throw my support to the chairman of the Horse's Ass Committee [James W. Buckley] as a write-in candidate." . . . "I am neither a Connecticut resident nor a Buckley. In the event that makes me ineligible please respond promptly while there is still time to move to Connecticut, change my name, and vote in November." . . . "I am not sure I will be able to command my finger to pull the 'D' lever for Lieberman. However, another finger will make a well-known gesture when passing over Weicker's name." . . . "I detest this clown too." . . . "My maiden name was Smith, my Dad was half Jewish, half English, my Mother was 100 per cent Irish. I am married to a first generation Ukrainian, but you have my wholehearted support." . . . "Either add 'Buckley' to our name or we'll be happy to head up the Casey contingent from Connecticut." . . . "One kick for the No. 1 Horse's Ass [$5]." . . . "Weicker is unique. Never has such arrogance, pomposity, ignorance been confined to so small a space." . . . "How about a BarPac?" asked Mary Barry. . . . DOES LOWELL WEICKER MAKE YOU SICK? bumper stickers, $2 each, available from *NR*, Department Bumper Sticker, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Edward Bennett Williams, R I P

THE DEATH of so considerable a figure requires comment notwithstanding the complicated nature of his (occasional) dealings with *NR* and its editors over the years.

The first contact was a telephone call, in the summer of 1954. Would I devote myself to acting as his assistant to defend Senator Joseph McCarthy against pending charges in the Senate? Williams explained that a great deal hung on the exculpation of McCarthy, a great and important American. I replied that he would do much better retaining the co-author of the book *McCarthy & His Enemies*, since my

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Meanwhile, in Nicaragua

Like falling leaves, the Contras flee
As jumpy Democrats foresee
A crisis so unnerving that
Aunt Pittypat's will look old-hat.

W. H. VON DREELE

brother-in-law L. Brent Bozell was also a lawyer (then practicing in San Francisco). Ed Williams called Bozell, lured him to Washington, and was much upset when, just as Williams thought he had made a deal with the senators to dismiss the censure charge in favor of something less abrasive, McCarthy recited a speech in the Senate in which he alleged that those who were prepared to move against him were "unwitting handmaidens" of the Communist Party—an elegant speech, in its entirety, written for Joe by Ed Williams's assistant, L. Brent Bozell. The speech resulted in an angry, spastic reaction and the prompt censure of McCarthy by the Senate. Ed Williams lost his case, but Joe was so enamored of his new speechwriter that he retained him full-time. (Brent Bozell a year or so later went on to become a speechwriter for Senator Goldwater.)

When next seen in these quarters, Ed Williams was defending that picaresque scoundrel Adam Clayton Powell Jr., whose prosecution for income-tax evasion was the result of an exposé in NATIONAL REVIEW. Williams came to our offices and, in pursuit of his position that *NR* had illegally influenced the grand jury against his client, asked a few adroit questions (and, a few months later, bailed Powell out).

Then the ugly period. Williams published a (by our reckoning) not very good book (*One Man's Freedom*) about civil liberties and how dreadfully they were faring under the heavy artillery of—McCarthyism. This brought a not very friendly review ("Ed Williams has become the premier advocate of a wide series of reforms that aim at shoring up the positions of what one might call the defendant class . . . The flotsam and jetsam of Williams's arguments wash up on the shores of reason in irreconcilable pieces"). In angry retaliation, Williams, lecturing at Yale, called me "an Ivy League George Lincoln Rockwell." I threatened a libel suit, he retracted; there was silence between us; even so, a few years down the line, through an intermediary, I asked him if the Williams firm could help to defend a convicted murderer who I thought was getting a raw deal. Reporting to duty with Williams & Connolly, from Yale Law School, a Rhodes Scholarship, and Number One in his Yale College class, Steve Umin was assigned to help Edgar Smith. Four years later, Smith was out of jail (free to try to murder someone else), Umin and Buckley had become fast personal and professional friends; and we were all back on speaking terms.

He was larger than life, always something of a mystery to his associates. He worked every day, including Sundays, and yet he was simultaneously everywhere, owner of athletic teams, hotels, counselor to the mighty, Democratic official with less than jerky-left positions (an improvement over his book). A year ago I had a call. Would I telephone the President and urge him to name Ed Williams as head of the CIA to succeed Bill Casey? I was able to do so with enthusiasm: but was told that Ed was sick. We had been hearing this for years, except this time, he died. We mourn the death of a big man, all-American. **—WFB**

NOTES & ASIDES

A Tribute to Herbert Hoover

Remarks by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. at the annual celebration of Herbert Hoover's birthday, at the Hoover Library in Iowa.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am both honored to appear as a speaker commemorating an anniversary of the birth of Herbert Hoover, and relieved by the mandate I was given.

You have a right to know more precisely what I mean by this. I have always been intimidated by meticulous scholarship of the kind one associates with modern historians—their five thousand footnotes, and 28 appendices. No wonder Arthur Schlesinger needs plenty of Rose's Lime Juice to get through the day! We pundits tend to speak in large and billowing terms, and my reaction, no doubt defensive, toward those who always get the arcane historical story exactly right brings to mind Goering's statement that anytime anyone mentions culture in his presence, he reaches for his Luger.

My stage fright in respect of Mr. Hoover is not in fact based on my slight acquaintance with him, but rather on my less slight acquaintance with George Nash. Many years ago he came to see me, while doing research for his PhD at Harvard in the history department, for which he wrote his masterly *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*. We met in the dead of winter in the little study in my garage at Stamford, Connecticut, and he pursued his questioning in a most orderly fashion. About two hours later I looked out of the big square window on my garage door as the sun was setting and saw some exhaust fumes coming out of the back of the car that was parked there. I am sometimes absent-minded about turning off my engine, and so I excused myself to Mr. Nash: I must have left my motor running, I

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said, I will be right back. "Oh no," he said. "That's my car. I left the motor on because it's cold. My mother and sister are in the car and they'll need the heat."

So absorbed a pursuit of the intellectual task at hand as to bring one to forget that one's mother and sister are sitting freezing in a car when there is ample shelter only a few yards away characterizes George Nash's immersion in the world of scholarship. It was only a few years later that Jerry Milbank asked me if I had anybody in mind who might write an authoritative biography of Herbert Hoover. That, I said to Jerry, is the easiest question ever put to me. Yes, his name is George Nash, and he has just gotten his PhD from Harvard with great distinction, and his dissertation is based on the conservative movement.

I don't exactly remember how many years ago that was, but I do remember Mr. Milbank's elated reaction to the first volume of Mr. Nash's authoritative biography: *The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Engineer, 1874-1914*. It was followed by a sigh: Jerry Milbank said that he only hoped he would live long enough to read the balance of the books George Nash has in store for us.

I was told by my hosts that it especially interests this audience for the speaker to recount his own experiences with the Chief. On this matter my memory was nicely jogged when George Nash was kind enough to send me, in addition to much other fascinating material, copies of my correspondence with Mr. Hoover during the last half dozen years of his life.

I went to him in 1954, as a relatively young man of 29. We had a friend in common. (I interrupt myself to remark that it is probably true that everyone in America had a friend in common with Herbert Hoover. Certainly anyone who was ever a member of the Boys' Club was, indirectly, a friend of Herbert Hoover, or for that matter any European who did not die of starvation during the early Twenties.)

I told Mr. Hoover that, in my judgment, political discourse in the United States was suffering gravely from the absence of a conservative journal of opinion. In those days, I said to him—having only recently graduated from college—it was generally assumed, by what goes by the name of the thinking classes, that the conservative movement was a loose conspiracy of illiterate tycoons whose only interests were to maximize profits and burn books. I rattled on a little bit on the subject. He sat there at his desk, silent; looking just a little bit to one side as, I later came to know, was habitual. I was still going on when he cleared his throat for a minute and I stopped talking. "You need capital," he said simply. A clean knife, through all that butter. It flashed through my mind, though this was not the moment to recall it, that shortly before Herbert Hoover's inauguration as President, Calvin Coolidge is said to have remarked, while riding down in an elevator with a friend, "You know, there's going

De Angelis, *Il Popolo* / Rotheo

to be a hell of a depression." Mr. Hoover, as usual, had got to the point.

The file reveals that he gave me the names of four or five affluent friends in California, with all of whom I visited. It is historically interesting to recall that these gentlemen, most of them former associates of the Chief, and protégés, were so profoundly gloomy about the prospects for the American Republic that, for the most part, they acted as though to launch a magazine in an effort to do something about it was the equivalent of lying athwart History, yelling Stop!

Always he treated me with great courtesy. I note from the file I have just examined that he would write out in pencil his replies to letters, and the faithful Bunny Miller would take his phrases and complete them, supplying, so to speak, the surrounding boilerplate.

One letter addressed to me in 1960 especially amused me because Mr. Hoover had consented, along with General MacArthur and Lewis Strauss, to act as a co-sponsor of the Fifth Anniversary of NATIONAL REVIEW's first publication. On the letter in which I had urged him personally to appear at our big party at the Plaza Hotel he had written in his distinct hand two words, "EXIT LETTER." These were code words that a few days later translated into: "Dear Bill [sometimes I was Bill to the Chief, sometimes Mr. Buckley]: I have your letter of September 30 with its kind invitation to attend the Dinner on October 27. I regret, however, that I have at 86 years arrived at some restrictions on my activities. I, therefore, cannot be present. Nevertheless, I do appreciate greatly the honor of your invitation. Yours faithfully, Herbert Hoover." I find myself wondering what the full text of a communication on which he had marked ENTRANCE LETTER would read like.

The file to which I refer reminds me that I sent to Mr. Hoover a copy of the speech I gave that night at the Plaza Hotel, which included a tribute to him. Now, it was always widely rumored that Mr. Hoover

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had an insecure sense of humor. And I note that Mr. Glenn Campbell, when he was here giving this commemorative talk a few years ago, addressed that subject directly, making a distinction between what Mr. Hoover thought it appropriate to say and to enjoy when he was President, and when he was not President. But since at dinner one night with him (yes, twice he invited me and my wife to dine with him, on one occasion quite alone), he had said to me that—and I quote him exactly—"There was nothing wrong with Franklin Roosevelt that a major miracle couldn't cure," I felt he would not misunderstand the one paragraph in my speech which engaged in polemical levities.

I had said, at the Fifth Anniversary celebration, "NATIONAL REVIEW is not, of course, always engaged in such sublime pursuits [as I had, in the early part of my talk, dwelt on]. Not a week goes by that we do not need to call a point of order; or fit together the parts to show a current piece of humbuggery; or scrub down someone's shiny new proposal to expose the structure for what it is—some form of liberal totemism. These are what one might call the housekeeping chores of conservatism. It may not make points in heaven to sigh, as James Burnham has done, that Mrs. Roosevelt views the world as one vast slum project. Or to suggest, as Priscilla Buckley did on hearing Mrs. Roosevelt say that she would never under *any* circumstance break a picket line, that the time has come for patriots to institute a 24-hour picket around Hyde Park. Or, after due deliberation, to summarize, as Morrie Ryskind did, the political credo of David Susskind as reducing to the proposition: 'If we would only stop regarding the monstrous things Russia does as monstrous, she would stop regarding *us* as monstrous.' Or to comment, as Willmoore Kendall did on last year's fiscal proposal by one of our sponsors here tonight: 'Senator Byrd has proposed we cut the budget by five billion dollars. NATIONAL REVIEW sees, and raises him five.' Or, in a moment of total exasperation after finishing the then current issue of *The New Republic*, to write, as, again, Willmoore Kendall did, 'Gerald Johnson, columnist for *The New Republic*, wonders what a football would think of the game if a football could think. Very interesting, but less relevant than to ask, What would a *New Republic* reader think of *The New Republic* if a *New Republic* reader could think?' "

I concluded this passage with the sentences, "These are not, as I readily admit, advances upon the heavenly kingdom; but whereas man does not live by bread alone, he cannot live without it." Mr. Hoover did not comment on my speech, but neither did he excommunicate me on account of it.

My final extended experience with Mr. Hoover came after the Supreme Court outlawed common prayer in the schools. The Chief expressed his indignation and surprise at this ruling, and word of this reached me. A few friends and I organized the Committee for Religious Liberty, and for a while it appeared that Mr. Hoover would be willing to serve as its Protestant co-chairman, with Lewis Strauss representing Jewish dissidents, and Robert Murphy, Catholic dissidents.

But fatigue was setting in. And I had from him, dated August 21, 1962, the longest letter he ever wrote to me. He gave ten reasons why he had finally decided not to serve. I quote one or two of them:

"1. I am now 88, with the physical limitations that come from such years. Moreover, I have gone through severe physical ordeals in California and Iowa. You are a humane man, but even so, you may have forgotten an old college barber-shop chorus—'The old grey mare ain't what she used to be!'

"2. Every time I lend my name to some righteous movement, the public holds me responsible—even if my associates have guaranteed that I do not need to think about the organization again. And they load my days with letters about it. . . .

"5. I have two little books on the stove, jointly with Mr. Nichols [Bill Nichols of *This Week* magazine was an intimate of Mr. Hoover, and of my family], which I hope may add some cheer to the American home folks, and they require constant attention while cooking.

"6. For over thirty years I have been collecting the materials and preparing the publication of three volumes on certain phases of American foreign relations. I think they are of importance to the American people. At 88 years, 'the night cometh.'

"7. There are probably twenty million males in the United States who have been to college. Is there not some one of them who can meet your needs?

"8. I greatly regret to refuse any request from such a valiant and self-sacrificing worker in the garden of common sense (which means the test of past experience before jumping off deep ends)."

And, finally, "10. I greatly value your piece about me. It spells friendship. Yours faithfully, Herbert Hoover."

THE SCALE at which he worked defies common measurements. Oh yes, did I tell you that George Nash, in answering my original questions, told me that if I were missing any other piece of information, please not to hesitate to specify my needs, because he has access to 16 million documents here at the Library. Sixteen million documents! Either written by Herbert Hoover or read by him. And he wrote thirty books. One of them was a translation from the Latin. Moreover, as Mr. Nash has documented, Herbert Hoover was the most important domestic political figure in the United States not just from 1928 to 1933, but from 1921 to 1933.

There is much learned research on his Presidency, and on the measures he chose to combat the Depression. To the extent I am qualified to pass judgment

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on them, I am persuaded that the relevant knowledge, at that time, of fiscal and above all of monetary management was insufficient, resulting in Mr. Hoover's having made mistakes. Mistakes, however, which were not rectified by his successor, never mind the glamor with which FDR's terms of office are associated.

What did come, after Mr. Hoover left office, was a gradual reconstitution of the American idea of the reasonable division of responsibilities between the private and the public sector. On this point, be it noted, Mr. Hoover himself was always something of a pragmatist. It is widely conjectured that he might have got the Democratic nomination for President in 1920. And in 1928, he was nominated over the opposition of the Old Guard within the GOP.

Mencken is famous among other reasons for writing of the state that it is "the natural enemy of all well-disposed, decent, and industrious men." And it is certainly difficult to deny the near-cosmic damage done by the state during this century. The thirty million dead Russians and fifteen million dead Germans and forty-odd million dead Chinese were not slaughtered by the private sector. And, in America, $200 billion of welfare having been spent to document our concern for those who need help, we see a growing class of the perpetually demoralized: young men and women—boys and girls in many cases—whose professions, under state training, are childbearing, unemployment, and, in many cases, drugs and crime.

Herbert Hoover openly and explicitly acknowledged what he deemed to be the responsibility of the state to step forward and help those who needed help, and to worry about the formalities later. It was by feeding the people of Europe after the First World War that he solved the problem of starvation in Europe. By contrast, we attempt to attack the problem of starvation in Ethiopia these days by windy conferences having to do with questions of jurisdiction, and grain rots in Ethiopia sometimes within sight of those who simultaneously starve.

Mr. Hoover's pragmatism was informed by a series of general assumptions. One of them was that the social energy of American freemen was vital to the production of resourceful thought. For this reason he believed that success should be applauded, not discouraged by taxation and derogation. In Atlanta, two weeks ago, the listener was invited to feel that any American whose entrepreneurial zeal translated into commercial success was carrying on the work of General Sherman marching through Georgia.

I do not know whether—after George Nash and the other scholars are quite done fixing Mr. Hoover's large place in history—they will have uncovered a political theorist.

I think I would be surprised if they had done so. The most important rulers in the civilized world have not been primarily theorists. They have been men and women of character, intelligence, insight. In the case of Herbert Hoover, not only character, intelligence, and insight, but an ardent desire to help individual human beings—together with an ardent desire to preserve a society which, in his judgment, is unique. I am sure that many of you are familiar with his great paean to America, given here in 1948. Even so I quote these sentences from it:

"America means far more than a continent bounded by two oceans. It is more than pride of military power, glory in war, or in victory. It means more than a vast expanse of farms, of great factories or mines, magnificent cities, or millions of automobiles and radios. It is more even than the traditions of the great tide westward from Europe which pioneered the conquest of this continent. It is more than our literature, our music, our poetry. Other nations have these things also . . . [Here there is] that imbedded individualism, that self-reliance, that sense of service, and above all those moral and spiritual foundations . . . They [the Quakers I grew up with] were but one atom of the mighty tide of many larger religious bodies where these qualities made up the intangibles in the word, *American*."

I do not venture to predict, as I have said, whether the scholars resident here are discovering a great political theorist. But there can hardly be any doubt that, every day, here in West Branch, these men and women are discovering a man who, every day, every year, looms larger and larger. A man fit to come from the loins of the America Herbert Hoover revered, the America he served so nobly. **—WFB**

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DEATH OF A FRIEND

WHEN I INTERVIEWED President Mohammad Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan in January, he told me proudly, "From the USSR to Vietnam, only one country stands up to the Soviets: Pakistan. Pakistan will never become a drop in the Red Ocean."

What he should have said is that Pakistan would resist Soviet expansionism—as long as he was alive. Zia understood Soviet aspirations and probably gave his life in the fight he undertook—to drive the Soviets out of Afghanistan and to keep that country, and his own, free from Soviet domination. He was the linchpin both for the covert war against the Soviets in Afghanistan waged by the U.S., China, and Saudi Arabia, and for the successful campaign to isolate the Soviet-backed Afghan regime in the international community. For he understood that Pakistan's choice was to fight the Soviets on the outskirts of Kabul, or on the outskirts of Islamabad.

Zia steered a steady course and waited for others to get on board. Back in 1977, President Jimmy Carter and his Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, cut off U.S. aid to Pakistan on the grounds that Pakistan had not made sufficient progress on the nuclear issue. Then, on December 27, 1979, the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, and Carter offered Pakistan $325 million in aid over three years. Zia rejected this as "peanuts." Carter also signed the finding in 1980 that allowed less than $50 million a year to go to the *mujahedin*. After Mr. Reagan came to office, all this changed. Aid to the Afghan resistance—and to Pakistan—increased substantially.

Then, in 1981, the Reagan Administration sent the first of forty F-16 jet fighters to the Pakistanis. ("It was the magic weapon coming to save Pakistan," recalls one U.S. official.) But the Soviets kept control of the Afghan skies until the *mujahedin* received the Stinger missile two years ago. From that moment on, the *mujahedin*'s strategic position steadily improved.

Accordingly, the Soviets declared a policy of national reconciliation. In January they announced that a Soviet withdrawal was no longer linked to the makeup of the Afghan government remaining behind.

Although most U.S. officials are convinced that the Soviets have been defeated in Afghanistan, Zia took a far more skeptical approach. "The Soviet Union, unlike America," he told me, "will not just leave and say, 'Thank you very much. We have had enough.' . . . The game of the Soviet Union is to ensure a friendly Afghanistan . . ."

Pointing to a map, Zia explained, "They've blocked China on the East. They've encircled Iran. They are two hundred miles from the warm waters. They're sitting practically on the mouth of [the Strait of] Hormuz. Why should they give up?"

Zia had wanted to create an interim coalition government—made up 80 per cent of *mujahedin*—in place of the Soviet puppet, Najibullah, to sign the Geneva accords with Pakistan. Indeed, he told me, he was not prepared to sign the Geneva accords with Najibullah: "How can the government of Pakistan sign the accord with the man of the Soviet Union who is responsible for killing so many?" The State Department (which loves agreements) wanted Pakistan to sign, but, on February 29, Congress took Zia's side.

Meanwhile, Pakistani Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo and the cabinet panicked under Soviet pressure and wanted to sign without provisions for frontloading or simultaneous cutoff. Early in March, there was a cabinet meeting. President Zia entered the room and informed the ministers that he personally would lynch every one of them if they signed what he considered to be an unsatisfactory accord.

And, at least in the short run, Zia's firmness paid off. Provisions for symmetry were added to the document—the U.S. would continue to arm the *mujahedin* as long as the Soviets aided the regime in Kabul. However, Zia failed to get an official declaration of a boundary between Afghanistan and Pakistan—a key Pakistani demand, because Afghanistan has long-stated claims on Pakistani territory.

The question of overriding importance for Pakistan now is: Will the Soviets really pull out of Afghanistan? Will the three and a half million refugees be able to return home? One Pakistani politician recently confided her fear that the Soviets will keep the north of Afghanistan and turn the south into Pushtunistan. If this happens, then the Pushtuns in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan will try to defect and join their brothers across the border, and the northern province of Pakistan will become the equivalent of Ireland or Lebanon.

JUST BEFORE I left him, President Zia spoke of the courage of the Pakistani people in enduring the Soviet-orchestrated bombing campaign that has been under way in that country since the early Eighties. "What they have not won on the battlefield, they want to win through sabotage and bomb blasts. They won't win, but they can make life difficult."

Surely Zia never imagined that he, along with much of his army command and the U.S. ambassador, would be—or so it now appears—victims of the Soviet-directed bombing campaign. (There is a strong suspicion that the bomb was hidden in a crate of mangoes, given as a present to Zia.)

Have the Soviets decided that the U.S., lulled by Gorbachev's *glasnost*, will not respond? □

Lally Weymouth writes on foreign affairs for the Washington Post.

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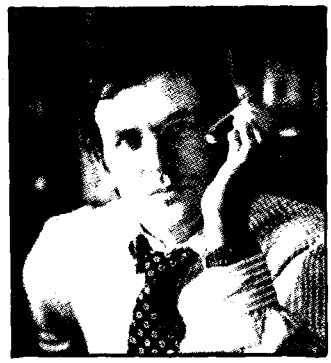

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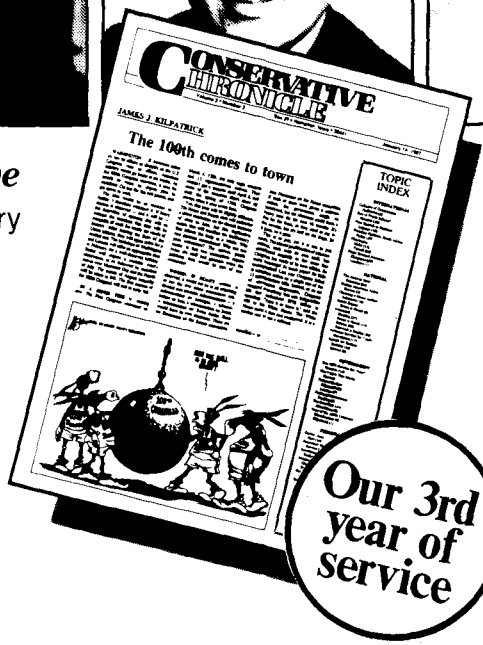

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STALKING QUAYLE

THE VIEW FROM NEW ORLEANS

NEAL B. FREEMAN

NEW ORLEANS, *the morning after* —Funny thing about living in the greater Washington area. You can be a thousand miles away, walking down the street, and you run into a guy from home, who huffs up to you and says, "Your real-estate prices just went up. Your neighbor has been nominated for Vice President." To which you respond, open as a puppy, "Which neighbor is that?"

I guess there's really only one reason that the name of Dan Quayle didn't leap to mind that afternoon in N'awlins. You see, I'm just not as clever as Ol' Jim Baker. Baker plays angles that the rest of us haven't even measured.

Now we've been told that the big decision was actually made by George Bush. Alone. He rented that bathyscaphe, took her down to Chesapeake Bay-bottom, and thought it all through in the splendid isolation of the sea. He then scudded back to shore, planted his topsiders on the dock, and announced, presidentially, "It's Quayle!" And Baker said, "That's right, boss."

Well, what do we know about this fellow Quayle and, perhaps more important, what do we think Ol' Jim Baker knows about him. First off, we know he is no $200-million man. That's not to say that Rupert Murdoch wouldn't spend big bucks to separate Quayle's family from its attractive media properties. Nor is it to say that, after all the trusts, lawyers, cousins, and counterclaimers are heard from, Dan Quayle wouldn't be the beneficiary of some trickle-down economics. But his current circumstance is more Dagwood Bumstead than Robin Leach. Mom carpools the Rockwellian kids around the suburbs in a Ford van, and Dad takes his turn at coaching the girls' softball team. They're good folks, by the unprogrammed estimate of those who know them off-camera—yuppie with a becoming touch of Indiana farm country.

But this was a political choice, somebody Bush wanted to spend an Administration with, not a weekend at the beach. Does Quayle broaden the base, as the media cretins are wont to say? An easy call, that. Quayle extends the reach of the Bush constituency in no discernible way. He is lean, fair, preppy, and Protestant, the son George Bush always wanted and frequently had. He's Bush *and less.*

Which is just what some of the cynics wandering these mean streets think Baker had in mind. A nice young man who would know his place, which was so to position himself with respect to the political sun as to never, we mean never, cast a shadow across the boss.

Now, you may recall that I have advanced the case, in this space and elsewhere, for Jack Kemp. Those arguments, reinforced by hundreds of other players in New Orleans, were not totally unavailing. (Let's acknowledge here the emergence of a new power in intramural GOP struggles, Gordon Humphrey.) Bush was obliged, in domespeak, to go young and right. But when he got to the obvious name—Kemp's—Jim Baker saw a man who was born to cast shadows. So, cleverly, he turned to Quayle.

What then happened was I suppose not unpredictable but nonetheless astonishing. The free press, having consumed large quantities of free food and free drink, and having contracted a raging case of cabin fever, surged forward ten thousand strong to welcome Dan Quayle to the big time. The result? No TKO yet, but at the end of round one it was starkly clear that the answers that had satisfied the daily paper in Huntington, Indiana (J. Danforth Quayle, former associate publisher), were not selling to the national media. Within 24 hours, service in the National Guard had become a "scandal"; before long, other rumors about the would-be candidate would start to surface.

As we headed for the airport, the media pack in full pursuit of the foxy Quayle, we picked up two additional comments for the memory file. Jeane Kirkpatrick, who has X-rayed a lot of ideological baggage in her day, says that Dan Quayle is the right stuff. And a campaign source tells me that while I can't use his name he wants me to know that Quayle was not Jim Baker's first choice.

Good luck, Danny. □

THE VIEW FROM THE HILL

CATO

WHAT DO WE say about J. Danforth Quayle? That he is handsome enough to compare (favorably) to Robert Redford? That he is young enough to excite a new generation of voters? That he is conservative enough to be regarded as one of Ronald Reagan's staunchest allies in Congress? That he is qualified enough —albeit just—to be the next Vice President of the United States?

Or that he is a photogenic featherhead with good grooming habits and a knack for hiring clever staff? That he is the quintessential WASP, arguably one of the few people in the business next to whom George Bush looks ethnic? That he is a political naïf who

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remains untested by the hurly-burly of national campaigning?

Actually, all of these things are true. And they all point to the underlying strengths and weaknesses of Quayle's presence on the ticket.

Forget for the moment the flap over Quayle's Vietnam-era service in the National Guard. At this writing, the Bush campaign seems determined to weather that storm, having decided that Quayle is as much of a straight-arrow as one is going to find in the Sixties generation. Besides, a considerable constituency of National Guard alumni is closing ranks behind Quayle, if only to protest the insinuation that wartime enlistment in the Guard does not constitute honorable service to one's country.

Forget, too, Quayle's mediocre academic record. Neither Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, nor Ronald Reagan was precisely a scholar of the first rank. Jimmy Carter, on the other hand, was a top-flight student.

And, above all, don't try to argue that Quayle hasn't been in politics long enough to be Vice President. When Ronald Reagan tapped George Bush, Bush had waged two victorious campaigns for the House and a losing one for the Senate. Quayle, on the other hand, has conducted two House and two Senate campaigns, all of them victorious. Walter Mondale's Washington experience prior to the Vice Presidency consisted of 12 years in the Senate. Spiro Agnew had served a single term as Maryland's governor. Richard Nixon had spent two terms in the House and part of one in the Senate.

Instead, look to two factors, the first pointing to the strength of Quayle's presence on the ticket, the second suggesting its fundamental weakness.

The attractions of Quayle-the-candidate are many. His can-do exuberance, good looks, and charming manner have made him something of a political phenom in Indiana, where women and Reagan Democrats—the very groups the Bush campaign needs to woo—gave him the largest re-election victory in the history of that state's Senate races. Moreover, there is a certain chemistry between Quayle and Bush. When Quayle is standing beside Bush, his irrepressible bombast, so grating on the Senate floor, suggests a Kennedyesque vigor; when Bush is standing beside Quayle, his fidgety manner deepens into something suggesting real statesmanship.

QUAYLE HUNT

The attractions of Quayle as a possible Vice President are less clear. True, he has grown a lot during his 12 years in Congress—but that has been rather easy to do, given how much growth was required. In fairness, one must add that Quayle never asked to go into politics. Instead he was drafted to run for Congress in 1976 by local Republican Party operatives looking to replace a GOP contender who suddenly dropped out of the race.

But Quayle did spend the ensuing eight years mostly in congressional anonymity. He established himself as a clear conservative, but was careful to distance himself from the firebrands of the New Right. Swept into the Senate on Ronald Reagan's coattails in 1980, he did not really begin to make his mark there until 1984, when he chaired a special committee studying the procedural chaos threatening to engulf the Senate. Quayle also bagged a spot on the Senate Armed Services Committee, and set about establishing himself as a Republican counterpart to Sam Nunn of Georgia.

In the last few years, he has succeeded—sort of. He has become a prominent advocate of a muscular defense policy, and has hired a bevy of smart young aides to help him out. But he has become prominent in such a way that, for better or worse, he is not completely respected by the defense intellectuals and not entirely trusted by the Reagan Administration. He led the fight, for example, against the defense authorization bill that Reagan ultimately vetoed. But he also led the Republican opposition to the INF treaty and probably would have actually voted against ratifying it had not so few senators joined him in opposition.

Moreover, there are some rather goofy aspects to Quayle's recent Senate career. There's the special tax break for professional golfers that Quayle—who is reputed to have spent much time on the golf links during his college years—tucked into this year's tax-corrections bill. There's his chairmanship of the Armed Services procurement subcommittee—at the very time the shenanigans that led to the current Pentagon-procurement investigation were getting under way.

Then there are his odd statements on the Senate floor. One Capitol Hill favorite concerns the time last fall when the Democrats proposed a moratorium on anti-satellite-weapon testing. Quayle argued that that was a mistake, especially seeing as how anti-satellite weapons had been critical to the U.S. defense against a Soviet attack in Tom Clancy's best-selling novel, *Red Storm Rising*.

If you agree that a presidential race is about personalities, not issues, maybe all these minutiae don't matter. That chemistry between Quayle and Bush may impress the voters far more than all the anti-Quayle factoids. Still, the GOP has sought to make this first and foremost a campaign of issues. If it succeeds in that effort, it may wish it had chosen someone other than Quayle to fill out the ticket. □

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BUSH AS TRUMAN

IT USED TO BE that the Republicans issued platforms made up of bland generalizations, calculated to offend no one, while Democrats loaded their manifestos with specific planks—all those promises needed to hold together their winning coalition. This year, the roles are reversed. The Democrats fashioned a 3,500-word document devoid of any specifics that might have irked some part of their constituency—a signal that the Democrats now know they no longer command a winning coalition.

In contrast, the GOP's New Orleans platform shows that the Republicans have confidence in the ability of their coalition to win, and are not afraid to cement that coalition with whatever promises are deemed necessary. Specific planks on issues ranging from child support to drug enforcement to SDI to military preparedness all send the same message: that the GOP has embraced Reaganism as the key to its status as a governing party.

In fact, hardened platforms may be typical of governing parties, just as softened ones are the hallmark of a party on the outside looking in. Consider the last election in Britain. The Labour Party, for decades only too happy to articulate in detail its plans to nationalize, to disarm, and to tax, stepped back from specific promises under Neil Kinnock, recognizing the lack of majority appeal. In contrast, Mrs. Thatcher used the Tory platform to offer a detailed program of governance: the privatization of housing, a strong defense, and a balanced budget. Just as the British parties traded places in their 1987 platforms, the Democrats and Republicans have traded places in their 1988 platforms.

The shape of the GOP platform was not a foregone conclusion, however. Most of the pundits had predicted pyrotechnics in New Orleans. Citing the strength of the Robertson fundamentalist challenge in the primaries, and the makeup of the 106-member Republican Platform Committee, analysts predicted a showdown between the party's conservative hard-liners and the GOP establishment mainliners surrounding George Bush. Unsurprisingly, conventional wisdom erred. The Bush campaign's first move toward platform resolution was to put GOP consultant and former Kemp campaign bigwig Charles Black in liaison with the platform committee. The mediation paid off. Harmony broke out, yielding a platform so conservative that Ronald Reagan would have been happy to embrace it in 1980 or 1984.

Indeed, of all the specific planks in the New Orleans manifesto, the single one George Bush insisted on was a no-tax-rise pledge. This contrasts sharply with 1984, when fireworks went off in Dallas between party policy-makers who wanted stern provisions against tax increases, and White House aides Richard Darman and David Stockman, who sought maneuvering room for taxes.

PUNDITS LOOKING for historical analogies have likened this year's race to that of 1960. But the real parallel is to 1948, with the vital link being the consolidation of the GOP's governing principles in this platform.

The salient political fact of the Forties was the national Democratic coalition forged by Franklin Roosevelt during his terms in office. That political legacy was bequeathed to his Vice President, Harry Truman, who was castigated by contemporary pundits for failing to measure up to his towering predecessor.

Running against Truman in 1948 was the overconfident, dour Republican governor, Thomas Dewey. Those who thought that Roosevelt's personality was the force that brought about the Democratic victories of 1932, 1936, 1940, and 1944 predicted that Truman would never prevail. What they missed was the fact that while it takes a transcendent personality to forge a new national coalition, that coalition can be maintained by a loyal, confident heir. Just as Governor Dukakis is trying to finesse an accepted national agenda on the basis of executive experience, so too Governor Dewey asserted his fitness for office on the basis of competence and rectitude.

Shrewdly, Truman countered Dewey by attacking the "do-nothing" Republican Congress for obstructing the Roosevelt agenda. His attack themes worked. By contrasting the parties, Truman reminded voters of the risks of repudiating the Roosevelt national agenda.

In recent weeks, Bush has begun to attack Dukakis by using the same themes that united the Reagan coalition in 1980—an abhorrence of high taxes, and commitments to a strong foreign policy and the social conservative agenda. And as Bush began to advocate specific Reaganite programs, his support in the opinion polls began to rise. He is no longer running on his résumé in an effort to contrast himself with Dukakis on the experience scale. For his part, Dukakis is apparently recognizing that the Republican agenda is the governing one, and is now sounding like a "me-too" candidate. Indeed, he has gone so far as to make the startling assertion that he is closer to Reagan on foreign-policy matters than Bush is.

Bush's handling of the platform is evidence that he has seen and grasped the formula of how to make the Reagan transformation perdure for another political generation. During the last four years, there has been a lot of talk about institutionalizing the Reagan revolution. The talk was premature: such an institutionalization can only happen when the baton actually passes. That moment is now at hand. □

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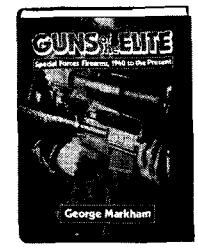

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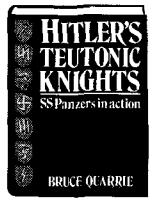

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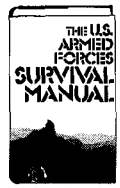

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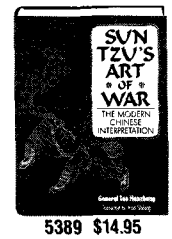

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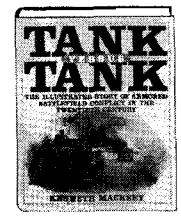

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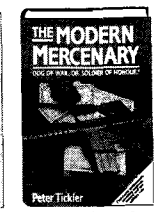

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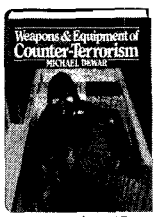

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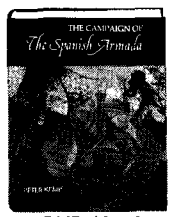

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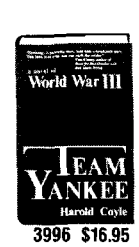

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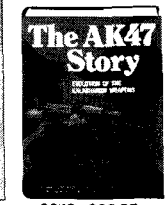

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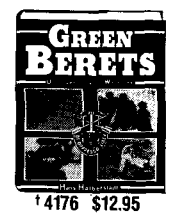

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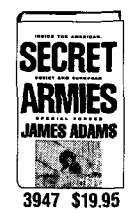

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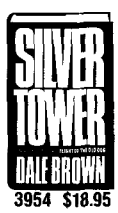

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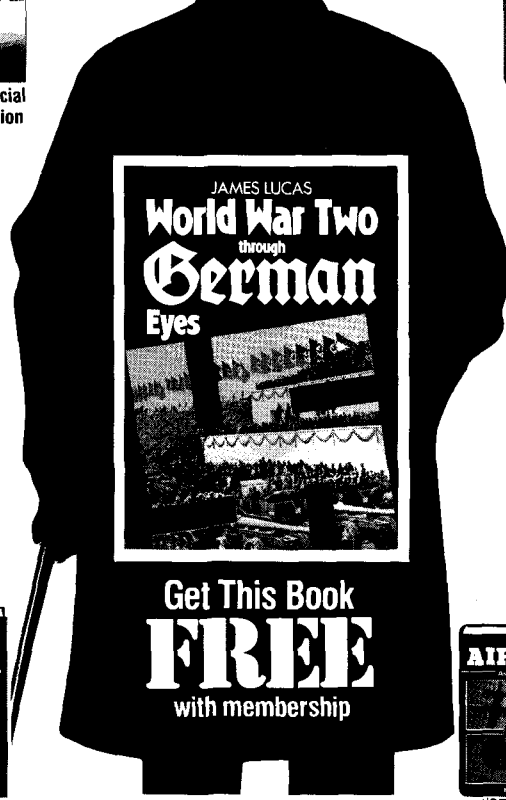

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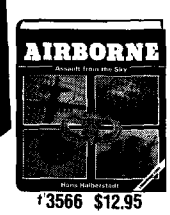

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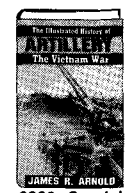

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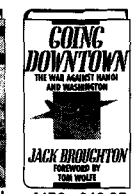

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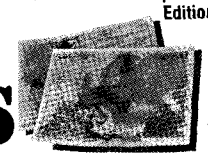

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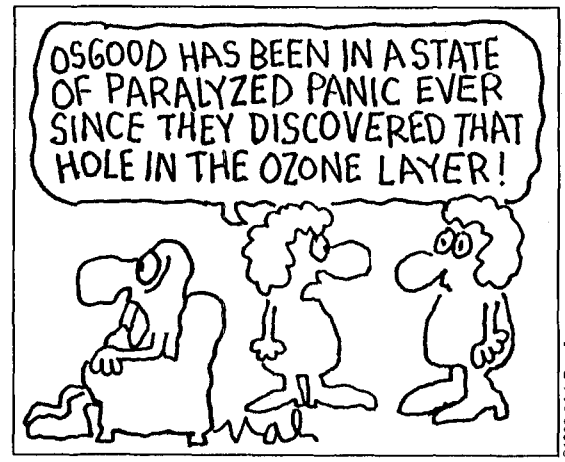

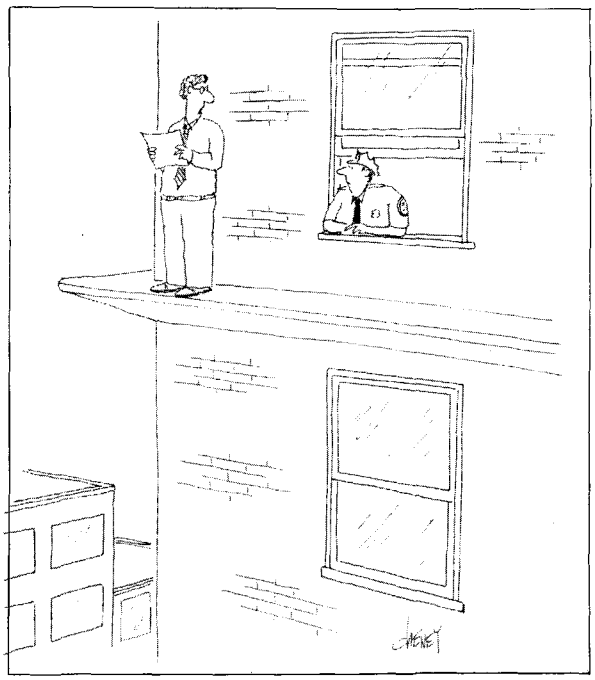

"No, I'm not planning to jump—I'm the only non-smoker in the entire building."

It's Called a Trade-Off

Syringes on the beaches
  And vials beneath the sand
Are causing Jersey rentals
  To sag from soft demand,
But fear not, for Dukakis
  Has told the Garden State
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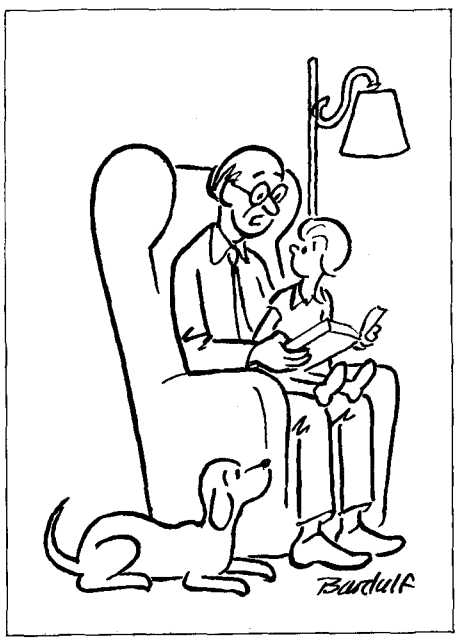
  Till Ocean Grove looks great.

W. H. von Dreele



"Of course there are unicorns, my child. They are horses who don't believe in disarmament."

"I hereby grant the West Bank to its rightful owner."

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WHY IT'S VULGAR TO SAY THE "L-WORD" IN PUBLIC...

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JESUS, WE HARDLY KNEW YE

The vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.

ONCE UPON a time, Martin Scorsese wanted to be a priest. But he flunked out of pre-seminary school and wound up making movies: *Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull*, and now *The Last Temptation of Christ.*

He's been planning to make *Last Temptation* for many years, ever since the actress Barbara Hershey recommended Nikos Kazantzakis's novel to him. The book is said to have "transformed his life." But it was so controversial that Paramount pulled out of a deal to back his film version in 1983. Scorsese persisted, and last year Universal Pictures financed the project. It was shot in Morocco on a small budget (less than $7 million).

Anyone could see what was likely to happen. The two sides have faced off like the lines of two opposing football teams waiting for the snap—except that in this game both lines have jumped offsides and brawled.

The most famous scene shows Jesus mounting Mary Magdalene in their marriage bed. It doesn't "really" happen; it's only a vision, a temptation Jesus undergoes on the cross. But the story doesn't "really" happen either. The movie begins with a disclaimer to the effect that any resemblance to real persons—living, dead, or resurrected—is purely coincidental: the story is based on Kazantzakis's novel, not the Gospels. But the scene doesn't occur in the novel either. Scorsese and his scriptwriter, Paul Schrader, added it.

Everyone connected with the film seems to be affecting surprise that so many Christians are outraged. *Last Temptation* is being piously touted as a "religious experience." Scorsese calls it "our way" of worshipping Jesus. Universal executives, liberal theologians, and friendly critics and pundits are attacking the film's attackers for attacking it without having seen it.

Some demonstrators have picketed the home of Lew Wasserman, the head of Universal's parent company, MCA, carrying placards saying, "Wasserman fans anti-Semitism," among other things—slogans whose obvious tendency is not to dampen anti-Semitism but to inflame it.

Blaming Jews as a group for *Last Temptation* is odious and absurd. But so is accusing all the protestors of fanning anti-Semitism—which some of the film's partisans have done. A common charge is that the "fundamentalists" are "trying to recapture the moral high ground," which they've lost in recent months because of the Bakker and Swaggart scandals. Ulterior motives are being assigned all around.

Is it fair to attack the film without seeing it first? That depends on how one attacks it. The film's premise and the sex scene itself are *prima facie* blasphemous if you believe in Christ's divinity, and at least offensive to believers even if you're not one of them.

Bill Bright of Campus Crusade for Christ offered Universal $10 million for all prints of the film, which he said would "promptly be destroyed." Universal replied in full-page newspaper ads that the First Amendment and assorted precious freedoms were "not for sale."

"What ever happened to Ralph Nader?"

Soon everyone was piling on. Jerry Falwell, Donald Wildmon of the American Family Association, the United States Catholic Conference, and several newspaper columnists (including me) joined the attack. New York's Episcopal bishop, Paul Moore, and Andrew Greeley, the Catholic priest who writes popular sex-and-religion novels, spearheaded the defense. *Time* gave the controversy a cover story, including a favorable review of the movie (Scorsese's "masterpiece"). [John Simon reviews it in this issue, page 54.]

Attackers, among them Patrick Buchanan, reached for obvious analogies to suggest the indignation many Christians felt. What if someone were to make a similar movie about Martin Luther King, or Anne Frank? These examples showed a sure sense of the current cultural pecking order. Liberals would oppose suppressing any such movie, but there would be a difference: they would feel compelled to express sympathy with the anger of black and Jewish protestors. In the case of *Last Temptation*, they expressed very little sympathy for the anger of Christians. Instead, they professed scorn for the Christians' intolerance and accused them of wanting to control what other people watched.

UNIVERSAL REACTED to the controversy by releasing *Last Temptation* on August 12, six weeks ahead of schedule. I saw it in Washington the next day. There were long lines even for the matinees, despite humid 95-degree weather. The theater lobby was full of police, who searched purses and packages at the entrance. Outside, protestors carried signs and pleaded over a loudspeaker for ticket purchasers to read the Bible and get to know the real Jesus Christ.

The film opens with Jesus lying on the ground in spiritual torment. He soon explains to an angry Judas Is-

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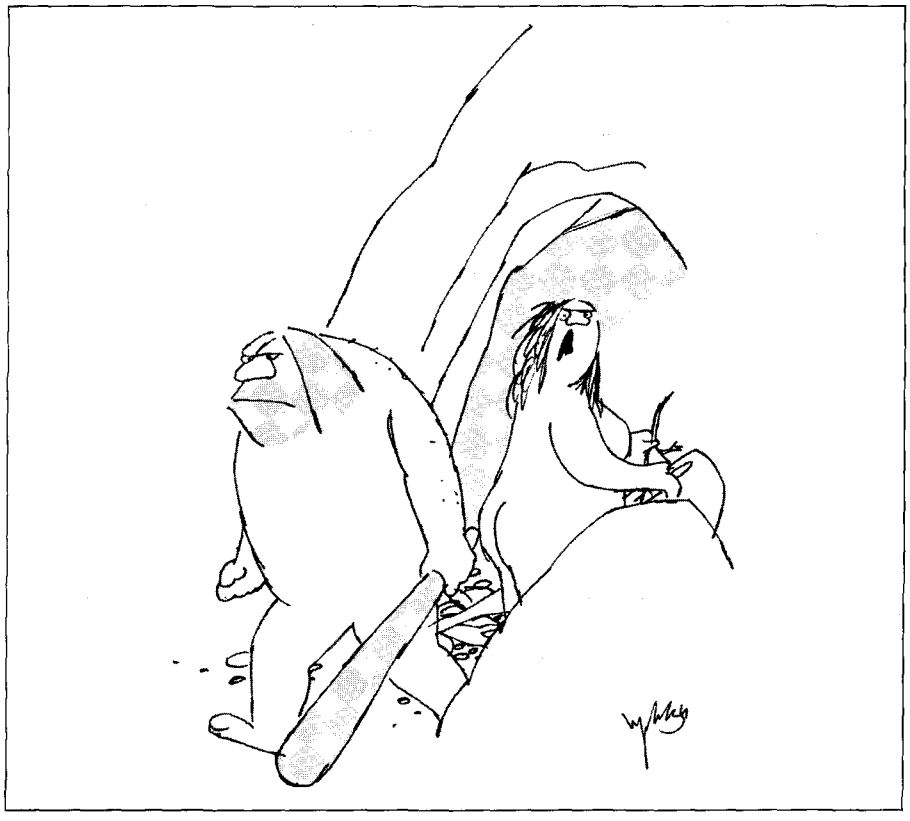

". . . And don't bring me any more brontosaurus unless it's lean!"

cariot that he can't bear God's love: "I want Him to hate me." That's why, as a carpenter, he makes crosses for the Roman occupiers and even assists at the crucifixions of Jews. When one Jew's feet are nailed onto the cross, blood spurts into Jesus' face.

Judas threatens to kill him if he doesn't change his ways. Mary Magdalene, a tattooed prostitute (played by Miss Hershey), spits in his face. Jesus is apologetic to both. He says he's "struggling." He even visits Ms. Magdalene during working hours, patiently watching as various customers take turns on her, after which he begs (but doesn't receive) her forgiveness.

Jesus is played by Willem Dafoe, who stands out from the generally swarthy cast by virtue of his blue eyes and sandy hair. As Judas, Harvey Keitel sports fiery red hair and a street-tough New York accent. When Jesus sits in the desert in midnight meditation, Judas startles him by appearing in the guise of a lion. "Don't ya reckonize me?" says the lion, sounding like Bert Lahr.

As Jesus begins to find himself, Judas gets friendlier. When he saves Mary Magdalene from stoning, she softens too. He begins an offhand sermon on the mount with a parable: "Uh, I'm sorry, I'm going to tell you a story." John the Baptist, a garrulous old weirdo, baptizes him in front of a naked woman and they exchange a long mouth-to-mouth kiss. Jesus comes to the wedding at Cana not with his mother but with Magdalene. (His mother thinks "he's not well in the head." Jesus describes himself, at one point, as "a liar . . . a hypocrite . . . Lucifer is inside me.")

He raises Lazarus from the dead, but Lazarus is soon murdered again anyway—by Saul of Tarsus, who wants to discredit Jesus. Jesus clashes obscurely with the High Priest at the Temple, inviting his own crucifixion. Jesus not only expects it but helps arrange it, persuading the reluctant Judas to turn him in to the Romans: he explains that Judas's role will be harder than his own. At the Last Supper, with several women in attendance, he excuses Judas to do what must be done.

Jesus then goes out to the garden to pray and sob: "You're giving me a cup and I don't want to drink what's in it." Judas arrives with Roman soldiers; he and Jesus share a long, warm embrace. Jesus is taken to Pilate, who orders him whipped. Jesus is stripped, beaten, kicked, and lashed. He groans and cries as his naked body is knocked around the dark chamber.

Finally he carries his cross to the hilltop. It's a small hill, a small cross, a small crowd in attendance. He's nailed to the cross.

A little girl with an English accent appears. Saying she's his guardian angel, she helps him down from the cross and promises him a pleasant life. She leads him to a beautiful green valley where Magdalene is waiting in a wedding gown. They marry. In their small house she wipes the blood from his body and face. They embrace, naked. He kisses her passionately and is seen on top of her, his rump pumping gently. Then she is pregnant. She bares her breasts and gravid belly. Soon he comes home and finds her dead. He then marries Martha, has more children, and forms a *ménage à trois* with her and her sister Mary. The little girl is with him throughout, encouraging him in a soothing voice.

He grows old, comfortable, but realizes he has failed to redeem mankind. As the Romans destroy the Temple, he is near his natural death. Judas and the Apostles break in upon him and accuse him of failing to keep up his end of their agreement. Judas calls him a "traitor." The little girl is exposed as Satan. Jesus realizes he is being tempted and crawls desperately back toward Golgotha.

He awakens from this vision on the cross. "It is accomplished," he murmurs twice, in a delirium of joy, and dies. The film ends there.

BY THE TIME the notorious scene rolls around, the character that Kazantzakis, Scorsese, Schrader, and Dafoe have fashioned is so unlike any other Jesus—of the Gospels, of theology (orthodox or otherwise), of *secular historical reconstruction*, or of earlier Hollywood depictions—that the effect isn't at all what advance publicity leads you to expect. The character has been diminished into unreckonizability, as by the confusion of a dream. Nothing makes sense.

This Jesus has no coherent teaching, just some vague maunderings about "love." He tells his followers that God is within them and the devil is outside. There's no particular need for redemption, except his own. So, when he crawls back toward his little cross, like the wounded Gunga Din climbing to the top of the fortress tower, the Crucifixion has been reduced to a

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pointless cliffhanger. He saves himself; others he cannot save.

Scorsese and Schrader have tried to freshen the old story with a relentlessly anti-ritualistic approach. But the only thing standing between this movie and total incoherence is our knowledge of the general structure and our assumption that the salvation story underlies it, in spite of all the new twists. No wonder Scorsese flunked out of his pre-seminary school.

In the interviews he has given to defend and publicize the film, Scorsese has proved embarrassingly inarticulate, mumbling about the film as "an act of faith." Only its subject can make it seem that. Despite his disclaimers, its only power is the residue of the power of the Gospels he says it isn't based on. Nearly everything he has added, except grim physical detail, diffuses that power. None of his additions is in character; on the contrary, each of them makes this "Jesus" less reckonizable as Jesus. But the familiarity of the original has caused critics left and right to read things into the movie that just aren't there. If Scorsese had changed the names of the characters as much as he changed the characters themselves, nobody could mistake it for a "religious experience."

Can we say of Scorsese and Schrader, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? Not quite. Nobody is naïve enough to believe that these images, even in the mere description, could fail to shock and offend. In one line from an earlier draft of the script, the intent was so obvious that it had to be cut: Jesus said to Magdalene, "God sleeps between your legs." In the same draft, Jesus said of John the Baptist: "His tongue felt like a burning coal in my mouth." Not exactly *Ben-Hur* material.

The sense that modern sensibilities are being discreetly catered to (while other concerns, less fashionable, are being calculatingly offended) is what makes *Last Temptation* ring false. Its exotically primitive setting in the parched Middle East, with dark Arab faces, hypnotically monotonous music, and sudden gushes of blood (human, animal, and even vegetable), is meant to be authoritatively authentic. But the words and gestures, such as the many little nods to modern feminism, are fatally anachronistic.

Whatever you think Jesus was, he wasn't this fumbling pretty boy, torn between being a Messiah and settling down with a whore-turned-Hausfrau. The options are too opposite. They belong to different scales of personality. You might as well imagine Napoleon torn between conquering Europe and becoming a Parisian chef. That would be less bathetic than this Jesus who wouldn't even rate a statue in the town square, let alone change the world forever.

Scorsese has made a little film about a little man—only the little man, we're casually told, happens to be named Jesus, a fact that shouldn't be made too much of. But it's that fact which has everyone shouting. Scorsese and his colleagues want to invoke the power of the symbol—it means more than just box office—without taking responsibility for what they've done to it. Why, they want to know, is everyone getting so worked up?

The question may be disingenuous, but it deserves an answer. The two sides aren't just "religious," in the usual sense. Scorsese and his friends are playing along the Great Divide of the modern world. One side wants to keep that symbol inviolate. It stands for everything they treasure. The other side wants to assert an equal and opposite right to take liberties with the symbol, however baseless in history and sacred documents, and impute its own values to it—values roughly summed up in the word "progressive," and including everything from the political to the sexual.

The impact of *Last Temptation* owes nothing to any new insight into the real Jesus. It's due entirely to the putative blasphemy—a new audacity in associating the Progressive impulse explicitly with the sacrosanct symbol. In this, Scorsese's instinct is as sure as his disclaimers are insincere. No other name would do, even for a piece of announced fiction: it had to be Jesus. Any substitute would have fallen flat. (A movie about Jonah, who does shrink from his God-given mission, would have caused no great stir either way, sex or no sex.)

That's why the alignment of attackers and defenders falls along such rigidly predictable lines. They're all fighting for possession of the sacred name. It's still the secret name of what we now call "Western" civilization. □

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THE FUTURE OF THE GOP

How History Passed Us By

PATRICK J. BUCHANAN

While Ronald Reagan will leave a rich legacy for his party, a legacy of prosperity, reduced taxes, and new jobs, the historic opportunity to displace the Democrats as America's governing party has passed. The "Republican moment" slipped by, I believe, when the GOP refused to take up the challenge from the Left on its chosen battleground: the politics of class, culture, religion, and race.

Around 1965, a new phenomenon appeared on the national scene. Variously called the radical Left, the New Left, and the counterculture, this militant ideology dramatically expanded the political front—beyond the old question of "Who gets what?" to new questions that go deeper into men's souls.

The *soi-disant* New Class, vanguard of this cultural revolution, is secularist, socialist, sympathetic toward Marxist revolution in the Third World, and irredeemably hostile to the postwar anti-Communist coalition that led America into Vietnam. It takes a "Custer-had-it-coming" view of American history and a UNESCO view of world history, eternally damning the West for the mortal sins of "colonialism, neo-colonialism, and imperialism."

In its defined dogma, civil rights, desegregation, and equality of opportunity are no longer enough. Reparations must be made, and compensation paid, to America's oppressed minorities: blacks, Indians, homosexuals, women. Resistance to busing, affirmative action, quotas, or racial set-asides is the mark of the modern racist. When America's silent majority, the victims of this social aggression, stampeded to the GOP, they found temporary shelter, but no permanent relief.

Meanwhile, with its domination of the culture and the courts, the Left began its "long march through the institutions" to de-Christianize America. Traditional proscriptions, precepts, and beliefs were systematically extirpated from law, public life, and public institutions, to make ours a secular society where law is rooted in moral relativism and majority rule. When traditionalists turned again to the GOP, they found an articulate ally in the Oval Office, but a party hierarchy indifferent to their grievances.

The GOP failed to become America's majority party, then, because its leadership class recoils from moral and religious issues that engage the passion of the people; and because it harbors a sense of guilt about race and, hence, is easily intimidated. Under President Reagan, the White House framed the economic issue correctly: Do you prefer, it asked, the free-market economics of low taxes and less government, or the socialist economics of high taxes and more government? Then, choose! Them or us! That same clarity and conviction were rarely present when the subject was patriotism, nationalism, religion, or race.

Do you wish to see the Soviet beachhead in Central America removed, or sheltered by Boland amendments? the White House should have asked. Do you believe America's security is best entrusted to a military second-to-none, or to arms-control agreements? Do you want advancement based on excellence and merit, or on race and sex? Do you want Judaeo-Christian values defended, or do you concur with liberal Justices, Hollywood producers, and the ACLU that they should be disparaged and driven out of our institutions and culture?

From 1969 to 1973 and, again, from 1981 to 1985, the GOP commanded the heights and led a majority coalition that could have been welded together permanently, just as Roosevelt forged his coalition in the furnace of conflict, doing battle, repeatedly, against the party of depression, the party of privilege, the party of "entrenched greed."

Methinks we blew it. Absent celestial intervention, the opportunity will not come again—not until leadership of the party passes to those disposed to engage the Left on

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the social and cultural fronts, and not just on the economic or the budget sector. □

Living Out The American Dream

JACK KEMP

GEORGE BUSH, after his enthusiastic endorsement of a detailed and unabashedly conservative platform and the choice of Dan Quayle as his running-mate, is on the way to winning a strong electoral mandate in November. And, though we don't hear as much talk as we used to about a Republican "realignment," I believe that such a quiet revolution has in fact begun and will come to fruition if the Republican Party continues on its current course.

Students of American history are well aware that, while American voters are free in every election to turn the incumbent party out of office, in practice we have seen one or the other party dominating the political system for decades at a time. The Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democrats dominated American politics in the first half of the nineteenth century; the Republicans from 1860 to 1932; and the Democrats from 1932 to 1980. In each case, the realignment began with a closely contested election concerning the very meaning of the American experiment, followed by the near-universal adoption of the policies and philosophy of the dominant party. It now seems that the 1980 election was the beginning of another such realignment.

To be sure, our progress in that direction has not been uniform, and I think the reason is quite clear. For two decades now, whenever we Republicans have put forward a coherent, positive agenda that sharpens rather than narrows the differences between us and the Democrats, we win, as Ronald Reagan did in 1980. Whenever we fail to do so, we slip back toward minority status, as in 1986, when we lost the U.S. Senate. But the Republican national convention in New Orleans confirms my belief that, on the whole, we are now acting like a party that is planning to govern.

Vivian Berger

There are those who think our party's various goals are unrelated, who believe that social and economic conservative, new and old right, neo- and paleo-con, traditionalist and libertarian cannot work together at all, much less for decades. It is true that these factions cannot all be in complete agreement on every issue. But there is emerging, I believe, a broader Republican consensus within which each finds its rightful place, neither over- nor underemphasized. Our 1988 platform, building on those of 1980 and 1984, displays such a balance—not so much splitting differences as holding each of our basic principles in dynamic balance.

The major issues today are Freedom, Growth, and Family. And all three are Republican issues. They should be: from the time of the party's founding under Lincoln, Republicans at their best have stood for equal human rights and equality of opportunity, for the "full dinner pail" and "honest money," and for the strong family values and virtues without which democratic government is impossible.

> Whenever we Republicans sharpen the differences between us and the Democrats, we win, as Ronald Reagan did in 1980. Whenever we fail to do so, we slip back toward minority status, as in 1986

But these are not truly three different issues; rather, they are three aspects of the same thing: the fulfillment of human potential, living out the American Dream. That is why we must—and, I think, increasingly are beginning to—bring a unified vision to bear on every problem: economic, social, or geopolitical. When we fail to follow our principles on one issue, we weaken our stance on the others.

Being the party of principle means maintaining standards. Local communities, made up of families who believe in Judaeo-Christian values, must be free to set the moral and social standards that form good citizens. (Certain issues, of course, such as the right to life, are so fundamental that the standard must be universal.) On the national level, we must set economic standards: fiscal probity, free enterprise and open markets, and a sound monetary standard, to allow those families and communities to prosper. And our foreign policy is an expression of these principles in a way that is neither utopian nor cynical: we believe, as much as it lies in our power to do, in defending our own freedoms and helping others to secure and defend theirs.

In particular, the Republican Party is beginning to re-

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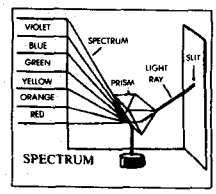

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discover that blue-collar families, minorities, and the disadvantaged are Americans who dream the same dreams as all other Americans. They, too, dream of strong families, in a strong economy, in a free world at peace. As a result, we are beginning to challenge the Democrats at the core of their strength. I suggested in New Orleans that if we do our job right, by 1992—at the re-election of President George Bush and Vice President Dan Quayle—one-quarter of our party will consist of black, Hispanic, Asian American, and other former Democrats, who will see in the Republican Party their best hope of a better life for themselves and their families.

What a contrast all this makes to the Democrats. Just days before this year's Democratic Party convention, George McGovern observed that his views were considered radical in 1972, but have become the mainstream of the Democratic Party. He's right; but unfortunately for his party, those views are not the views of the American people.

Curiously, the Democrats have apparently gotten it into their heads that their main problem is with packaging rather than with what they are peddling. But they can't fix their packaging until they fix their product. Michael Dukakis says he agrees with Jesse Jackson—and Lloyd Bentsen—and Ted Kennedy—and at times even with Ronald Reagan. This is not balance but cacophony. More, the intended analogy between Dukakis-Bentsen and the 1960 Kennedy-Johnson "Boston-Austin" ticket only emphasizes the fact that Michael Dukakis is not John F. Kennedy. Kennedy campaigned on a platform of support for freedom-fighters (in Hungary), affirmation of the Monroe Doctrine, modernization of strategic defenses, and cutting trade barriers and tax rates to "get the country moving"—all of which Dukakis repudiates.

I find it inconceivable that, after a campaign focused on the substantive differences between the two parties, American voters will do anything other than elect George Bush and Dan Quayle over the Democratic Party's Odd Couple. Then it will be up to us to follow through—on pro-life and pro-family issues, strategic defense, support for freedom-fighters, continuing growth, empowerment of the poor, an end to inflation—to carry on our unfinished revolution. And, incidentally, we'll find that the new beginning of eight years ago has turned into a new Republican era. □

Hey, Whatever Works

P. J. O'ROURKE

We in the Republican Party have limitless potential to self-empowerment, expanding our personal horizons inward humanly, becoming actualized and whole as the children, women, and disabled that we can be if only we dream, who care deeply about feelings and feel caring in-depth, with the help of federal block grants. Thank you for sharing.

Yes, I've been taking the Berlitz ninety-day "Learn to Speak Democrat like a Palo Alto City Councilperson" course and I commend it to all Republicans. Let's face facts, there isn't going to *be* a future for the Republican Party unless we learn the Democratic tricks of the trade. Of course, we've already learned a lot. The GOP has come a long way from that dark period of nobility and principle when we ran Barry Goldwater for President.

For instance, modern Republicans give ideology the go-by. You don't hear anything about the Reagan Administration's State Department being infiltrated by capitalist fellow-travelers (although there has been some of this over at Justice).

And we've jumped on the old FDR/LBJ vote-yourself-rich bandwagon. These days a Republican is just as likely as a Democrat to tell the electorate it will never have to work again. You don't even need to be a drunk single mother living in a cardboard box to cash in on Republican promises. You can have a large home in Connecticut and own an arbitrage firm.

Like Democrats, we've allied ourselves to an embittered racial group with whom we have nothing in common and for whom we intend to do zilch. Personally, I didn't become a Republican to hang around with extra-Y-chromo-

★

There isn't going to *be* a future for the GOP unless we learn the Democratic tricks of the trade. Of course, we've come a long way from that dark period of nobility and principle when we ran Barry Goldwater for President

some types who pester God on cable TV and have cars up on blocks in their front yards. But, hey, whatever works.

We Republicans are ignoring Communism as a moral, intellectual, and military threat. We went over and paid it no never-mind right in downtown Moscow. This beats the Democrats all hollow. They limit themselves to winking at Bolshevism in Central America and Tom Hayden.

And today's Republican understands the value of broad-based, populist corruption. No more of those fat-cat, stuffed-shirt Teapot Dome scandals for us. We're the party of the people, too. Wedtech even had minorities involved—equal-opportunity moral turpitude.

Best of all, we've learned the Woodrow Wilson trick of electing a muzzy, idealist President who's not always minding the shop. Albeit we're not really good at it. We only got a silly little Oliver North out of the deal, not a whole ridiculous League of Nations.

Still, there are some Democratic stunts that Republicans cannot even attempt, such as getting into prolonged, bloody wars that could have been ended or prevented by common sense. And we don't know how to destroy a healthy economy with inflation and regulatory interference. We can put on a pretty good recession or stock-market crash when we feel like it, but we just don't have the knack for completely devastating an economic infrastructure and turning the national currency into cocktail napkins. If we don't

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get this straight, we'll never control the House of Representatives.

And there's one last thing at which Republicans are a flop. We don't have a clue about where to find bad political candidates with strange, unsavory appeal to women —you know, like John F. Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Teddy Kennedy, Larry, Moe, and Curly Kennedy, and Gary Hart. Even midgety, lemur-browed Mike Dukakis has the ladies feeling faint. Maybe if we gave Dan Quayle some warts, a divorce, and a movie to direct about humble Republicans trying to save their golf course from a low-income housing development? □

We Hold These Truths

WILLIAM J. BENNETT

I AM OPTIMISTIC about the future of our party. Certainly the last eight years have been good ones for the GOP. Under the leadership of President Reagan, Republicans have succeeded in changing the terms of the national debate on issues ranging from education, the role of the family, and the dangers of drug use, to taxation and spending, and national defense.

But we must now guard against complacency, a weakening of purpose, and intellectual languor. We cannot be content with a future that seeks only to affect politics at the margins. Republicans can—and will—do better, by identifying ourselves with the fundamental convictions and high ideals of the American people. Three issues are of particular importance.

First, our party needs to identify with the institutions and values central to our society. Democrats these days talk and act as if there were only two relevant entities in America: helpless, beleaguered individuals and the government. It is revealing how often the Democrats' "average" individual is portrayed as basically a wreck—unhappy with his life, family, job, friends, and country. And they propose to rescue that individual by creating more and more bureaucracy. To borrow a formulation from Prime Minister Thatcher, the Democratic leadership wants a state that takes too much from you in order to do too much for you.

Republicans understand that individuals grow and gain in strength not principally through government, but rather through other institutions—institutions like family, church, school, civic associations. The record is clear: too often, ambitious federal social policies have unintentionally and cruelly undermined such institutions. Democratic child-care legislation pending in Congress threatens to do so once again. The Republican Party, the party of Lincoln, must be committed to the proposition that government should strengthen, not undermine, these crucial institutions of our free society.

Second, the Republican Party must continue to speak about, and for, individual responsibility and fundamental moral principles. We should of course advance a public policy that is tolerant and respectful of individual liberty. But we hear too much today about liberty and we hear too little about individual responsibility. In fact, liberty and individual responsibility cannot long survive apart; they are inseparable for the long-term health of our free society. This holds true whether we are talking about drugs, welfare, AIDS, productivity, growth, or even happiness.

Third and most important, we must stand for the defense of freedom. As the Democratic leadership's repeated betrayal of the Nicaraguan people demonstrates, their party is no longer up to that task—it is at best an uncertain ally in the defense of freedom. It wavers. It is weak. It shirks rather than embraces our duty.

Following last February's congressional defeat of aid for the Nicaraguan freedom-fighters, one senator asked, "Where is the common sense of Democrats in Congress? . . . Today the Democrats are the 'bug-out' party. Put on the pressure and we will bug out. . . . The Democrats' motto has become, 'When in doubt, do nothing, and stay in doubt all the time.'" These, unfortunately, are true words. And they are not the words of a partisan Republican. They were spoken by Senator Ernest Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina.

It now rests with the Republican Party to shoulder the responsibility for defending freedom. There are burdens that go along with being the leader of the free world, and we should acknowledge that. But there's an even higher price

Vivian Berger

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for betrayal—for the betrayal of brave people and noble causes—and we should acknowledge that, too.

Republicans should stand for those policies that promote and defend freedom: aiding freedom-fighters, deploying a strategic nuclear defense, upgrading our armed forces, and, when it's appropriate (as was the case in Grenada and Libya), exercising American power. And Republicans must retain the will and resolve to defend liberty.

As Republicans we believe in the common ideals of the American people: our values, institutions, and deep patriotism. How vigorously we speak out in defense of those common ideals is the key to the future of our party. □

Tell It like the Marines

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

TRENDINESS, pacifism, and opportunism have emasculated the Democratic Party in international affairs. Once upon a time foreign policy belonged to the Democrats, lock, stock and rhetoric: they were responsible and the Republicans were obstructionist. The party of Woodrow Wilson would make the "world safe for Democracy"; the party of Franklin Roosevelt thought of America as a "great arsenal of democracy." Wilson had his 14 points and his League of Nations, Roosevelt the Four Freedoms and the United Nations. Later on, Harry Truman stopped Stalin in Iran and Greece with the Truman Doctrine, and saved Western Europe with the Marshall Plan.

Throughout those years, the Democrats had a bold, exciting international vision, a crusading zeal to make men, wherever they lived, free, while the Republicans were the party of isolationism, Fortress America, and the Farewell Address. But in the Sixties, the Democrats suffered a loss of nerve: Jack Kennedy would neither call off the Bay of Pigs operation nor see it through; he survived the Cuban missile crisis but at a cost: Fidel Castro's permanent suzerainty over Cuba. The Berlin Wall went up on JFK's watch. He and LBJ escalated the war in Vietnam, but with irresolution, and by incremental steps. At halftime, LBJ's linebackers—the McNamaras, Bohlens, Kennans, Katzenbachs, and Vances—lost heart and deserted their captain, who, in turn, threw in the towel and announced he would not run again. Hubert Humphrey was sacrificed for the crime of remaining faithful to his President on Vietnam, and it was left to Richard Nixon to wind the war down and get out (abandoning millions of South Vietnamese to the barbarians in the process). The Democratic leadership resigned its responsibilities, and its prophets dwindled to a pitiful few, the most prominent of whom were onetime LBJ advisor Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Senator Henry Jackson. But in due course Moynihan went to the Senate, where he became a pol, and Scoop Jackson died.

That left a large segment of the intellectual Democratic internationalists—the Scoop Jackson Democrats—rudderless. These were men and women who understood that just as no nation can exist half slave and half free, neither can the world—when the leading totalitarian state is dedicated to the defeat of freedom wherever it is found—remain free without the arms and the determination to guard the ramparts. And someone has to lead the troops.

Here is an issue for a vibrant and self-confident Republican Party to exploit without apology. Ronald Reagan started it on the right track, after the wimpish ordeal of the Jimmy Carter years, when he rebuilt our defenses and started talking tough to the Soviets. His strong foreign stance helped win him an important following among blue-collar constituencies, many of whose progenitors had come to the States to escape tyranny abroad.

Those constituencies are still out there, along with the intellectual internationalists, who have had no political leader since Henry Jackson died. Some of their most influential spokesmen—Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, Irving Kristol, and Jeane Kirkpatrick, among others—have continued the good fight, but many thousands, perhaps millions, of other Democrats feel abandoned by the new pacifist, unilateralist, isolationist Democratic leaders on the Hill, in the media, and in academe, who pretend to speak in their name. They don't want to hear that America is the villain wherever and whenever there is an international confrontation. They know in their bones that there is no equivalency between the U.S. and the USSR.

The Republican Party should go after this constituency,

At halftime, LBJ's linebackers—the McNamaras, Bohlens, Kennans, Katzenbachs, and Vances—deserted their captain, who, in turn, threw in the towel and announced he would not run again

take up the crusader's buckler and sword, and assure the world that the United States, as—like it or not—the world's strongest nation and the free world's leader, intends to preserve the basic liberties of those who turn to us for help. We should acknowledge that we failed in Vietnam, but not concede that our motives were wrong. State clearly what our objectives are in Central America, and pursue them. Explain the importance of SDI as a means of ensuring peace. Maintain and update our arsenal. Say no to South African sanctions—South Africa is an important and strategically placed ally—while continuing to press Pretoria on racial matters. Point out once in a while that Ethiopians may be worse off under Mengistu than Chileans under Pinochet. Keep the sea lanes open when they are threatened. Assist freedom-fighters. Fight terrorists. Remain skeptical about *glasnost*. Insist on verification of all arms treaties. Pin the tail on the Blame America First crowd. And stand tall for America, as Ronald Reagan has done. Therein lies a future not only for the Republican Party but for the nation and the free world. □

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THE GENDER GAP REVISITED

OF ALL the specters haunting the electoral dreams of the Republican Party in the 1980s, none has been more horrific than "the gender gap"—the margin by which the distaff members of the body politic are said to favor the candidates and programs of the Democrats.

We have been bombarded with information on this topic in recent months, with constant emphasis on polling data that show George Bush to be competitive with Governor Michael Dukakis among male voters, but trailing badly with women. Concerns about that shortfall have led to Bush's stress on child care, the environment, and other so-called Women's Issues, and also, according to the political sages, his choice of telegenic Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana as his running-mate.

The principal source of Bush's difficulties on this score is thought to be his pro-forma identification with the policies of Ronald Reagan. This means, among other things, opposition to abortion on demand, refusal to endorse the Equal Rights Amendment, and a generally right-of-center stance on other issues. The remedy for these failings, we are informed, is for Bush to adopt a markedly more "compassionate"—meaning liberal—posture.

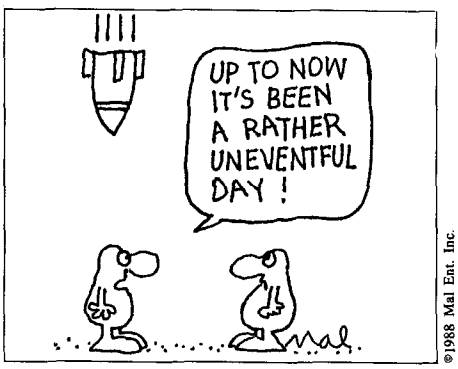
To gauge the validity of this analysis, it is well to recall the 1984 election. That was a balloting in which the gender gap was also talked about at length. Women's Issues were supposed to be a determining factor, and Ronald Reagan was painted as a sinister foe of women. Everything we are hearing today was being heard back then. Indeed, if identification with Reagan policies is the mark of the beast, then Reagan himself is obviously the Great Satan and Bush is merely his Beelzebub.

Mr. Evans is director of the National Journalism Center.

Certainly the Women's Movement in this country did everything in its power to portray the President in that fashion. The National Organization for Women and other Designated Women's Groups harped tirelessly on these themes, all the more so when Geraldine Ferraro ascended to the Democratic national ticket. In an editorial in its newsletter that could be repeated verbatim today simply by substituting Bush's name for Reagan's, NOW asserted: "Polls show that the gender gap continues to loom large and threaten President Reagan's re-election. *New York Times*/CBS News and *Washington Post*/ABC News polls . . . continue to show that 10 to 15 per cent fewer women than men approve of the job Reagan is doing and support his bid for re-election."

NOW President Judy Goldsmith put it that Reagan's "well-known opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment and his support for a total ban on abortion add up to a powerful anti-woman agenda. Women have the power to ensure that Reagan has no more than four years to implement that agenda; we can and must deny him a second term."

In the upshot, of course, Reagan not only got his second term but won an historic landslide that made him a totemic figure in our politics—a colossal victory suggesting that the gender gap and opposition from the Designated Women are hardly fatal to Republican aspirations. Even more to the point, perhaps, Reagan actually won a *majority* of the women's vote in 1984—something you would never guess from all the usual commentary on the subject.



According to exit polls conducted by NBC on election day, Reagan carried the women's vote by a majority of 55 to 45 per cent—despite, or perhaps because of, the presence of Geraldine Ferraro on the other ticket. Some 24 per cent of the women polled said Representative Ferraro made them *less* likely to vote Democratic, versus 19 per cent who said that she attracted them to the Mondale standard.

THE GENDER GAP of 1984, in sum, came down to this: Mondale-Ferraro, who lost the women's vote despite the non-stop efforts of the Designated Women, got pounded even more severely by the men (64 to 36 per cent, according to the exit polls). Or, as NOW discreetly phrased it: "Reagan's overwhelming victory among male voters was considerably more modest among women." An objective observer might conclude that the crucial factor in that equation was Mondale-Ferraro's incredible weakness with men, rather than Reagan-Bush's trouble with women.

This suggests that while there may or may not be a permanent gender gap in voting patterns, there certainly is an agenda gap—between the leaders of the Designated Women's Groups and their supposed followers. Though opinion surveys tell us that women generally are in favor of the ERA (as are most men), NOW and the other Designated Women by no means confine themselves to this topic. Instead, they have attempted to package a host of left-wing stands as Women's Issues, including attacks on Reagan's tax and

(Continues on page 60)

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LAISSEZ LES BONS TEMPS FINIR

I SPOTTED HIM the moment I came out of the elevator. I was in a pack of Republicans in some modern pile of a hotel that fits into this charming but grubby city about as well as the space shuttle, hurrying to a reception we couldn't quite find. He was shorter than average, and may have been a she. You couldn't tell because his/her head was totally encased in a dark grey elephant head, complete with a long, curling trunk. I smiled; it waved. My heart leapt up.

Friends ask me if the conventions this year were good. But what do I know from good or bad? To me, every convention is sweet as springwater, and fine as first love. If you like elephant heads, and elephant floats, and bands, and balloons, and boredom, and bad speeches, you love them. If you don't, it's better to have kidney stones.

I have read that in 1840 New Orleans was the fourth-largest city in America, and that it's been sliding downhill ever since. Certainly it is the only city in the United States that has the feel of Latin Europe—of those lands which, after centuries of Habsburgs and Hohenstaufens, praetors and proconsuls, have simply given up on civil society, and given themselves over entirely to higher and lower things. As such, it was an appropriate place in which to mark the end of the Conservative Era.

The great night of endings was Monday. Jack Kemp spoke on Monday, and like many of the speeches at this convention, even those by proven firebrands, his was strangely subdued. The peak Kemp moment had come the night before, at a monster champagne party at the Hilton.

The room was big, and packed. You couldn't throw a brick without conking three conservatives—which means, you couldn't throw a brick without hitting at least one person who spent 1987 and early 1988 playing footsie with Robertson or du Pont or Dole or Bush or Laxalt or Kirkpatrick or Buchanan or Aunt Ethel—anyone, in short, but Kemp. At one point, Pete du Pont himself creaked across the podium, wishing Kemp well for the number-two spot. I looked around the room, and thought of the nominee, and thought of Whitman: "You look mighty cute. And here is one of your bargains."

Kemp took it all with the good spirits that wear better and better as his prospects for the Presidency dim. He gave in return his own special brand of enthusiasm. That enthusiasm does lead him down some puzzling paths. "The purpose of our party is not just to help America," he declared as he wound up, "but to help the world."

Such messianism is the kind of thing cited by those conservatives who plead innocent to ambition, cussedness, or stupidity, as reason for distrusting Kemp. To them it suggests the sinister influence on Kemp of neo-connery. To me it suggests the influence on Kemp of himself. I don't buy everything he pushes at me so irrepressibly; it's hard enough being President without being world den mother; most of the help America gives must be—to coin a phrase—trickle-down. But men come all of a piece. Kemp is a uniquely, and attractively, all-American piece of work. We won't now know for four more years at least how he would work out in the Oval Office.

The great farewell on Monday, of course, was for Ronald Wilson Reagan. Even in the wide, flat dish of the Superdome, so different from the tight box of the Omni in Atlanta, his appearance generated a roar. He was preceded, as is common these days, by a movie—and what an odd movie it was. The theme was highlights of the last eight years; some of it was cribbed from the film shown at the Dallas convention four years ago. The Normandy commemoration made me cry then, and it made me cry again now. But what a deal of death and near-death went along with it. There was footage, complete with freeze frames, of the assassination attempt (two girls sitting next to me gasped).

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There was an allusion to Nancy Reagan's operation. There was the *Challenger* ascending (at least they left out the white cloud). And long, long shots of those white grave-markers in France. At the end, after our emotions had been kneaded and squeezed, came a roll of production credits, as if this were Cannes.

With that taste in our mouths, we got Reagan in the flesh. His voice wavered in the early minutes of his speech, as if the years he has so uncannily held at bay fell on him all at once. But it warmed up as he went along. The speech was not warm, however. It was filled with those long processions of economic factoids of which Reagan is so fond. It did make the point—in answer to Teddy Kennedy's taunt, "Where was George?"—that George had been at Reagan's side: assuming, correctly, that if the election is to be a referendum on the Reagan Administration, the Democrats lose. The concluding image of the foot-soldier was moving without being inspiring, perhaps because, despite the upbeat context ("It's a sunrise every day"), the most famous soldier in American oratory is Douglas MacArthur's old one, who just fades away.

Most of the rest of the convention was at similarly low voltage. After the twentieth slow-paced, pause-filled performance I began to wonder if someone had poured sand in the Teleprompter. Jeane Kirkpatrick, William Bennett, Tom Kean—blah. Phil Gramm—blah-plus. Ann McLaughlin—blah-minus. The second-most narcotic was George Deukmejian, who had been on all the early Veep lists, and who would have made Lloyd Bentsen seem riveting. The most narcotic, beyond all doubt, was Paul Laxalt.

Along the way, there were, as Holmes would say, "points of interest." Senator John McCain got off a good joke at the expense of Dukakis's nullity on defense: Dukakis thinks the Trident is chewing gum, the B-1 is a vitamin pill, and the Midgetman is anyone shorter than he is. McCain also introduced, in a recollection of sewing together a Stars-and-Stripes while being held in a North Vietnamese prison camp, the theme of Dukakis's veto of a Pledge of Allegiance bill. The Pledge made numerous re-appearances. Governor John Sununu gave a careful recital of his neighbor's record. "Those who know Massachusetts best vote with their feet," as "ten to twenty thousand refugees a year" leave the Bay State for the Granite State. There was one excellent piece of propaganda passed out *urbi et orbi*, a simple list of "Words You Won't Find in the Democratic Platform," which began with *tax* and ended with *God*.

Two losers gave the convention a bit of energy. For Pat Robertson's address Tuesday, every delegate's seat had laid on it a copy of his *pensées*. In the Superdome Robertson finally found a hall big enough to take the rant out of him. He went on much too long, but he was the first person to make George Bush's oft-expressed desire to be an "education" President seem worth while—a feat he accomplished by filling the phrase, as Bush so often fails to, with conservative content. Bob Dole scowled and growled through a speech on Wednesday, but since the main subject was the Soviet Union, it was seemly and effective.

One suspected displacement at work, however. Early in the week, Dole, who had stayed on the Veep short lists up to the end, had been heard to complain about Bush's handling of the selection process. The culmination could not have pleased him.

LUNCH TUESDAY found me in Kaby's, a restaurant on the Mississippi with a good view of Bush's formal arrival. New Orleans has tried—too successfully, some would say—to spruce up its waterfront, though you can still see the sign of the ALGIERS IRON WORKS AND DRY DOCK CO. across the way. The first sign of Bush's approach was an air-show of biplanes—Dukakis's air force, perhaps. Next came a fireship spouting red-white-and-blue water. Then a dirty barge with a blue BUSH '88 banner. Bush's boat was a double-decker paddle-wheeler with a steam calliope played by a man in a red tailcoat. It paddled back and forth, Barbara Bush and her jacketless husband waving from a glass cabin. This course of Americana over, I settled down to lunch. When word came that Bush had chosen, and that his choice was Quayle, the table of journalists scoffed. Then the bar broke out in whoops. We hurried to the bar TV set, where there were indeed the Vice President and the junior senator from Indiana.

The papers focused on Quayle's background as scion of the Pulliam newspaper family, which is several hundred times richer than the Bushes; it is even richer than the Bentsens

Bush had by now removed even his tie. Quayle looked not a day older than his 41 years. At one point, he clapped Bush enthusiastically on the back. Bush looked dismayed. They raised arms in a gesture of camaraderie.

I called a friendly Hoosier for an impression of the would-be heartbeat-away. My informant first met then-Congressman Quayle during his campaign to unseat Senator Birch Bayh; at that time, the candidate struck him as a "typical BMOC" (big man on campus)—personable, popular, no burner of midnight oil. Over time, he came to feel that Quayle "knew what he was talking about, which I didn't expect." Marilyn Quayle, he added, is "smarter—a first-class person."

By Wednesday morning, all the papers had the thumbnail biography. They focused on Quayle's background as scion of the Pulliam newspaper family, which is several hundred times richer than the Bushes; it is even richer than the Bentsens. They also dusted off Paula Parkinson, a woman who used the arts of love to influence the votes of statesmen. Quayle had been one of a group of congressmen who had rented a vacation house with her. Quayle's defense, that he was there to play golf, had been generally accepted. My Hoosier said there hadn't been a word about it during Quayle's re-election campaign two years ago.

By Thursday morning the papers were carrying a gloomier story. The problem was Quayle's Vietnam service, or lack of it. He had spent his peak draft years in the National Guard. Fair enough. But then the story began to make the rounds that strings had been

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pulled to get him his Guard duty. "Phone calls were made," he had told Tom Brokaw tantalizingly.

There ensued a weird scene, such as happens only at conventions. The delegates moved placidly in and out of hotel elevators and coffee shops, eating, returning from riverboat trips, going out to shop, seemingly oblivious to what was going on. Superimposed on this ruminant mass was a layer of frantic journalists, who didn't know what was going on either, only that it was going on.

When I turned on the TV again, there was Bob Dole. Had the Putsch *already occurred? But Dole, it turned out, was putting Quayle's name in nomination*

In the short run, the delegates were the wiser. I hopped into a cab to the Marriott, the hotel of the Bush headquarters; burned wires to the Hyatt Regency and to New York. I was told that Bush and Jim Baker had conferred into the wee hours; that Dole, who had been second on the running-mate list, might move up to first (no question about *his* war record). I had my first second thought when I saw a man-in-the-street on a local evening news show, fuming that the whole ruckus was an insult to the National Guard. How many current and former Guardsmen and their relatives are there? I wondered. Then, the late hours and creole dishes having caught up with me at last, I took a snooze. When I turned on the TV again, there was Bob Dole. Had the *Putsch* already occurred? But Dole, it turned out, was putting Quayle's name in nomination. Four big guns seconded, the last being Jack Kemp. The press would have to wait, it was clear, for another day, or another scandal.

The comparison to Robert Redford is ridiculous, but Quayle is a clean-cut, fresh-faced young man. He does look like a BMOC. Thursday night, he seemed a bit shaken, as well he might. His address was quite bad, though in the circumstances he said the one thing needful. "I served six years in the National Guard, and like millions of Americans who served in the Guard, I'm proud of that." The next-best thing was his family, who surrounded him at the end. Evidently, you can be rich as Croesus in Huntington, Indiana, and still look normal. No Hyannis Port airs for them.

Conservatives were supposed to be tickled by the Quayle pick, at least before Thursday. "We're in the club," Gordon Humphrey told Andy Ferguson of *The American Spectator*. It strikes this conservative that the club has rather comfortable standards of admission. Maybe Quayle would not drift off in a high wind, but I have yet to be shown.

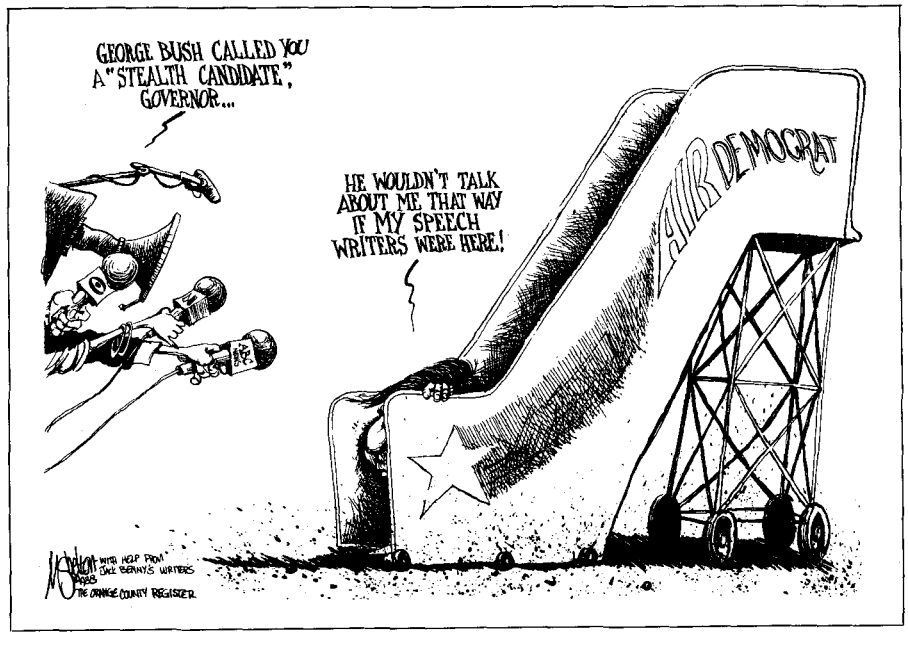
These excitements were prelude to George Bush, and what had been billed as the most important speech of his life. It was certainly the best I've ever heard him give. It was a speech that pointed with pride, more than it viewed with alarm. Bush took a lot of shots at Michael Dukakis, and he did make a vital point in passing, that the achievements of the Reagan years were not invulnerable. For the most part, however, he dwelled on those achievements—peace through strength, and prosperity through tax cuts—and assigned himself the mission of completing them.

One instant effect of Quayle is that he gives Bush *gravitas*. Indeed, the Quayle affair throws the whole field—the Brookline prig, the South Texas grandee—into a harsher light, and Bush into a better one. This decent, brave man improves with time. We can be proud of a country that produced a man of Bush's mettle, in his station, as a matter of course. The pathos of Bush's relationship with conservatives is that his personal qualities are just not enough; perhaps it will be the pathos of his Administration.

A few years ago, Richard Vigilante told a meeting of the Third Generation in Washington that the conservative movement was over. By that, he meant the movement as a club, a cult, a band of brothers. It had simply grown too large. New Orleans was a parade of fragments.

THE CONSERVATIVE MYTH has also died, or should. You know the one: It begins with *The Conservative Mind*, touches on the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW and the Draft Goldwater campaign, swells to the third-try nomination of Ronald Reagan, and ends with the Millennium.

The Reagan Administration, as it turned out, wasn't the Millennium. The next Administration can't be, even in fantasy. We won some, lost some, and drew a lot. Our efforts are discrete, and our gains are mortal. There is comfort in being clear about that. The conservative era, which never was, is over. Let the next era, with conservatives in it, begin. □


GEORGE BUSH CALLED YOU A "STEALTH CANDIDATE", GOVERNOR...
HE WOULDN'T TALK ABOUT ME THAT WAY IF MY SPEECH WRITERS WERE HERE!
AIR DEMOCRAT

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UNQUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

EVER SINCE Mikhail Gorbachev came to power in 1985, optimistic European and American political observers have tingled with excitement over the prospect that the secretary general's reforms may bring about a truly radical change in the USSR and Eastern Europe. And a certain limited evolution *has* been going on lately in that part of the world. How much, though, can we expect from *glasnost* and *perestroika*? Will they, as some of these observers hope, lead to anything at all like Western-style democratic capitalism?

The real gain thus far is the greater readiness of people behind the Iron Curtain to speak their minds. This began at the top and is now apparently spreading through the ranks. But as we attempt to judge the progress of *glasnost* and *perestroika*, the acid test will be radical moves toward economic and religious freedom.

Unfortunately, though, the advent of private enterprise is as unlikely as that of the freedom to choose a church affiliation other than the state-controlled Russian Orthodox Church. This is not, to be sure, because convinced Communists are anything but a very small minority in the USSR. In fact, the majority of people in the Soviet Union would not be at all averse to change. But can the *system* change?

Gorbachev can be likened to the director of a run-down railroad who believes firmly in that form of transportation and would like to make the enterprise a going concern once more —spruce up the cars, modernize the tracks and engines, refurbish the stations, dismiss rude, incompetent employees, and start making money. But some of his junior executives—the "Old Bolsheviks"—nurture the suspicion that Comrade Mikhail no longer *believes* in railroads but toys secretly with the idea of making trucks, buses, and airplanes the main modes of transportation.

In all likelihood, he does not, but our Western optimists nurture the same suspicion and wait impatiently for the day when the men in the Kremlin embrace a philosophical potpourri of Adam Smith, Locke, Hume, Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, John Dewey, and Bertrand Russell. They would do well in this connection to remember the great Russian revolutionary, Alexander Herzen, who in a letter to an Englishman warned him that Russia will never be "Protestant," never an adherent of the golden mean.

Furthermore, apart from any genuine belief in Marxism-Leninism, apart from an understandable (though not admirable) reluctance to jeopardize their privileged position as members of the *nomenklatura*, Soviet leaders deeply fear what would follow if, for example, the USSR were to abolish the teaching of dialectical materialism in its schools, admit widespread free enterprise, eliminate censorship, and grant total freedom of religion. Such liberality would destroy the nerve center that keeps the system going. What, if the entire intellectual baggage of Marxism were thrown overboard, would be the moving force for state and society?

A country that aspires to something above the condition of the Third World needs a *raison d'être*, a mission. Russia is not Costa Rica or South Yemen. The only realistic alternative to the present system would be some form of nationalism. But in the ethnically mixed USSR this would lead to serious difficulties. One could not expect the more than one hundred million non-Russian denizens of the Soviet Union to support a dynamic Russian messianism. And yet we find Russian nationalism reviving (and tolerated by the authorities) throughout the USSR, for people are aching for an object of political enthusiasm.

Gorbachev's fellow leaders are not alone in their fears of the trauma that would result from radical changes in the Soviet system. One must realize that the Soviet economy has been highly centralized for many years, that locally rooted business interests do not exist, that there is no tradition of personal initiative. To appreciate the extraordinary helplessness of men and women who have been pushed around, directed, and spied on for three generations, one need only observe Soviet refugees in the Western world.

AND IF the center collapses, the entire USSR—one-sixth of the planet—will collapse politically, economically, and even socially. The whole transportation system would break down and a horrible famine would follow in that enormous country without any food reserves. There would be a Hobbesian war of all against all. I recall a conversation with a Soviet university professor who exclaimed, wringing his hands, "Anything, but please, no revolution. We would all starve to death."

The way from private enterprise to a collective, planned economy is easy, the result fatal. The way back to sanity, however, is exceedingly painful. It leads unavoidably through a period of chaos, with local revolutions breaking out, being brutally crushed, and then breaking out again somewhere else. The death of a dinosaur is a terrifying spectacle. □

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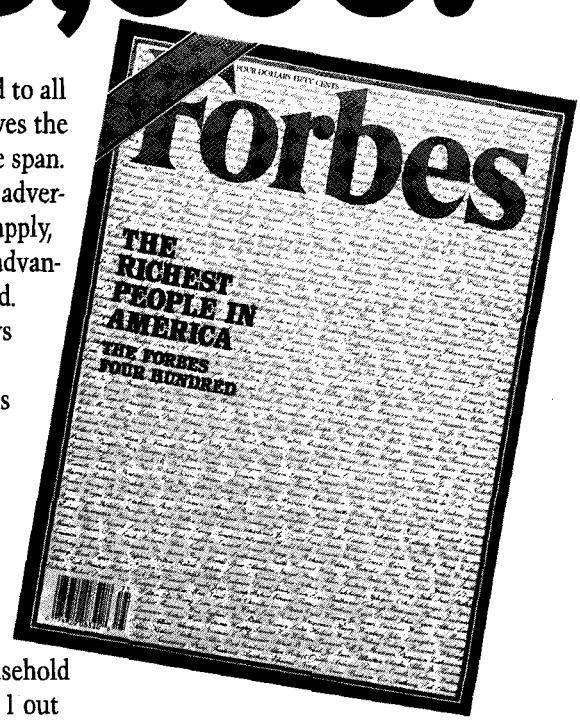

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THE BENNETT LEGACY

Thomas Fleming

Our Children and Our Country, by William J. Bennett (Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $19.95)

WILLIAM BENNETT is a nightmare for the American education establishment. The worst of it is the way he keeps getting into the news. Wherever the controversial education secretary goes, he succeeds in putting education issues on the front page and in front of the cameras—the last thing the professionals want. Last year when Bennett came to Chicago, the school board thought it was prepared for anything. It wasn't. What the secretary told the press was simple. Before his visit, he said, he had been under the impression that Chicago had the second-worst school system in the nation, but after seeing it in action he'd changed his mind: it was the worst.

The most frequent complaint about Bill Bennett—heard repeatedly from liberal educators—is that he has politicized education. This collection of his speeches, *Our Children and Our Country*, provides plenty of ammunition for the critics. Even the title implies a connection between schooling and the national interest, and the topics include education for democracy, the future of conservatism, the importance of teaching Western civilization, the case for voluntary school prayer, and the problems with bilingual education.

These are the sorts of obvious political topics that have more than once encouraged speculation that the secretary of education was staking a larger claim in Republican Party politics. But Bennett's real concern throughout his tenure of office has not been political activism but education reform, and it is precisely his identification with the reform movement that has alarmed so many bureaucrats in his own department, to say nothing of the superintendents, union bosses, and education professors who dictate how and what our children shall be taught.

In Bennett's hands the complex and tangled concerns of school reform are straightened out into the simplicity of a three-point sermon, based on the Three C's (to balance the Three R's): Content, Character, and Choice. Schools should, in this view, give better books to children, teach the values necessary for life in a democracy, and involve parents in decisions about what their children are taught.

Most of Bennett's recommendations make such obvious good sense, it is hard to say enough good things about them. Strong principals and community support *are* the key to effective schools; drugs *must* be kicked out of all schools, including graduate schools; American children *have to* be taught their own history and the unique contributions made by the great men of the civilized West. Bennett states these imperatives in a simple and direct manner calculated to win applause from receptive audiences and gain space even in hostile newspapers.

But these strengths are also the principal weaknesses of the secretary's speeches. The richness of American history and our constitutional system cannot be boiled down to a few slogans about liberty and democracy; and whatever is left of the civilized remnant in America cannot fail to be at least mildly uncomfortable with Bennett's sweeping proclamations of the glories of Western civilization. Plato and Homer jostle with Mark Twain and Maurice Sendak, and we are now to place Martin Luther King Jr. alongside Jefferson and Madison in the national pantheon. Still, at their best, Bennett's speeches embody the highest aspirations of traditional American education. Even at their worst, they only reflect the harsh political realities that every Cabinet member must confront every day.

It is easy to understand why Bennett should embrace a nationalist, democratic ideology in his struggles against an anti-American, leftist education establishment. Throughout this century, experts like Ellwood Cubberley and John Dewey have worked to take control of the schools out of the hands of parents and local communities and turn it over to centralized, professional bureaucracies. In every case, this was

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *Inside the National Security Council: The True Story of the Making and Unmaking of Reagan's Foreign Policy* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), Constantine C. Menges, who was special assistant to the President for national-security affairs from 1983 to 1986, recounts his stormy relations with Robert McFarlane and John Poindexter, who he believes conspired to make an end-run around the National Security Council without Reagan's knowledge. Menges says he is "virtually certain" that the President had no inkling of the diversion of funds to the Contras.

Memoirs of an Unregulated Economist (Basic, $17.95), by George J. Stigler, is a fine and engaging volume by the 1982 winner of the Nobel Prize for Economics, in which the author describes his development as a free-market economist under the tutelage of Frank Knight and Jacob Viner at the University of Chicago.

In *Behind the Wall: A Journey through China* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $18.95), Colin Thubron offers a vivid and impressionistic picture of a modernizing China straining the bounds of Communist ideology in order to achieve capitalist dynamism.

The Deadly Embrace: Hitler, Stalin, and the Nazi-Soviet Pact, 1939-1941 (Norton, $25), by Anthony Read and David Fisher, contributes new details about the "monstrous chess game" played out by the two dictators, in which, according to the authors, Stalin fully expected the Führer to cheat him, though not before 1944.

☐ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: In *The Shah's Last Ride: The Fate of an Ally* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), William Shawcross describes the exile and death in 1980 of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, following his dethronement by revolution the previous year. Shawcross's Shah is the victim of a blind, debilitating arrogance, from which, to the end of his life, he never recovered.

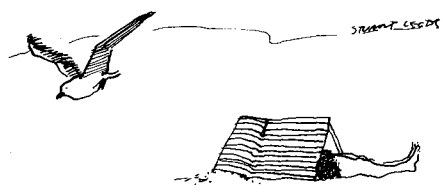
Warlords of Crime: Chinese Secret Societies—the New Mafia (McGraw-Hill, $18.95), by Gerald Posner, recounts the development of China's Triad societies—founded in the late seventeenth century as a means of defying the Manchu Dynasty—into criminal organizations seeking to obtain funds to finance their secret political war; in the nineteenth century, they cooperated with the European powers in expanding the opium trade. Today, Posner warns, as the most powerful crime syndicates in the world, they have their eyes on the U.S. as a possible base for operations following the scheduled absorption of Hong Kong by the People's Republic in 1997. —CW

done in the name of reform and a non-partisan consensus. At the very beginning of the public-school movement, Horace Mann decreed that Trinitarian Christianity could not be taught in the schools because it was controversial, and Mann's own bloodless Unitarianism became the official religion of public education in the Northeast. By the 1960s the public-school religion had become a secularized Marxism, modified only by the demands of feminists, homosexuals, and racial minorities.

If some people are less enthusiastic than Bill Bennett over the current reform movement, as represented by Diane Ravitch and Chester Finn, it may be that they catch the whiff of Horace Mann and John Dewey in the effort to find an ideology of democracy and Western values that is not subject to political squabbling. Of course, for the education establishment, politics is defined as any questioning of that establishment's right to refashion the nature of man.

Local politics is an unsavory business, almost as corrupt and disagreeable as national politics. It remains, however, the peculiar genius of the American people that we prefer to resolve our local differences through local politics. Even after the New Deal and the Great Society, much of what Tocqueville said about local government and voluntarism still applies in the United States. If the reformers really want to teach democracy in the schools, they should give up their notions of a national ideology and concentrate on breaking up the monopolies of large consolidated districts and state bureaucracies. They could even try turning over control to parents and local communities—a logical deduction from Secretary Bennett's heroic lobbying on behalf of parental involvement.

Even Chicago—under a mayor who makes Harold Washington look like his namesake George—has come up with a plan for school-management councils that would restore a large measure of neighborhood autonomy to the city's schools. Such a measure would probably have been inconceivable without the steady drumbeat for parental choice issuing from the Department of Education. This move toward real democracy, not the inspiring rhetoric of civics and Western values, will be Secretary Bennett's enduring legacy. ☐



FINE WORD: 'LEGITIMATE'

Joseph Sobran

The Conquest of Politics, by Benjamin Barber (Princeton, 220 pp., $25)

BENJAMIN BARBER wants to rescue politics from philosophy. "Inverting Aristotle's prudent dictum calling for a method appropriate to the subject under study," he says, contemporary political philosophers "have sought a subject appropriate to the philosophical method at hand. When that subject—in this case, politics—has resisted the method, it is the subject and not the method that has been adjusted." The result is "a distortion of our sense of the political," harmful to both politics and political philosophy.

The Conquest of Politics: Liberal Philosophy in Democratic Times concentrates on six recent political thinkers: Bertrand Russell, John Rawls, Robert Nozick, Bruce Ackerman, Michael Oakeshott, and Alasdair MacIntyre. Barber, who teaches political science at Rutgers, hopes to discredit "foundationalism": the attempt to derive political theory from certitudes of epistemology or any other pre-political branch of philosophy.

In his view, politics is autonomous. It can't justify itself in terms of the most rigorous philosophical criteria of knowledge or ethics. It shouldn't be asked to, since this will only get in the way of its true calling. Politics exists precisely to enable social action when neither cognitive certainty nor social unanimity is possible.

Sometimes the community must decide when doctors disagree. The art of making that sort of practical decision has a dignity of its own, says Barber. Politics owes philosophy no apologies.

A worthy political philosophy begins by recognizing this as the nature of politics, rather than complaining that

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politics doesn't measure up to the exacting standards of intellectual disciplines. Barber charges most of the six theorists he examines with substituting *a priori* models of politics for due respect for real political practice. Rawls, for example, bases a "theory of justice" on a mythic social contract: "Like all contractarians, he substitutes for ongoing political participation a single, hypothetical moment of consent that obviates the need for all future political engagement."

Nozick (Barber continues) makes the same mistake in principle, though without the pseudo-historical supposition that the state (or "society") began with a contract. Nozick posits "an abstract conception of the solitary individual, who is in turn a precipitate of *a priori* philosophy," whereas in the real world "dependency is intrinsic to the human condition," and man is "self-interfering" as well as vulnerable to interference from others (e.g., the state). Barber accuses Nozick of blindness to coercion as an aspect of private relations as well as political ones, and argues that public coercion has a "legitimacy" that makes it preferable to the private kind.

Barber's own preferences are surprising. He thinks Russell has been underrated as a political thinker, though he also thinks Russell erred in trying to connect his empirical skepticism with his politics as closely as he did. But his favorite among the writers under study is Oakeshott, the only one of the six who has insisted that politics is a category unto itself, not an inferior dependent of epistemology or ethics. Oakeshott's contempt for "rationalism in politics" parallels Barber's disapproval of "foundationalism."

Still, Barber thinks Oakeshott partly fails his own test: "The radical separation of philosophy and politics, which Oakeshott demands but does not himself practice, turns out to be as distorting to political understanding as its contrary, the reduction of politics to philosophy (the sin of the foundationalists)." Oakeshott offers "a conservatism that leaves little room either for democracy and social justice or for the standards by which choices about competing ends can be made."

Now, the trouble with this is that "democracy" and "social justice" need some careful defining. Oakeshott's philosophy of politics makes no fatal objection to either, but it would require them to be analyzed and specified with far more rigor than Barber gives them here. (He simply assumes them as uncontested, even unproblematic terms.) He must mean more than that Oakeshott points toward practical conclusions he dislikes, but it's hard to say what.

The Conquest of Politics is a stimulating book, a book that should have been written, but it is also a book that should have been better written. Though short, it is not incisive: in every case, Barber's summary of his subject's thought is less lucid than the original. Time and again, at critical points, I find it impossible, even on re-reading, to be sure what he is trying to say.

Part of the problem is a certain stylistic stuffiness, too many thuses and indeeds, "parameters" and "dichotomies" (even "dichotomic"). Barber can write with grace, but he seems to have an aversion to plain language and illustration where they might be most helpful. He stays aloft at a level of abstraction that never lets you put your feet on the ground for a moment. Eventually the book becomes an

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experience in confusion and frustration.

Barber seems so anxious to preserve the legitimacy—and "sovereignty"—of public life that he never makes clear where private life can be clearly marked off, and protected, from political intrusion. It's startling to find him complaining, late in the twentieth century, that life in our time is excessively "privatized." He leaves crucial terms undefined: public, private, power, coercion. This allows him to equate certain kinds of what many people would call non-coercive pressure or influence with actual "private power," thereby justifying state intervention. At times, with both Oakeshott and Nozick, he objects to certain ideas because of the consequences they'd lead to, such consequences always amounting to some libertarian state of affairs which he presumes his readers will agree is evidently undesirable, even intolerable. It doesn't seem to occur to him that he may have readers who voted for Reagan or Thatcher and remain impenitent about it.

Barber's disposition is in no way "totalitarian," or even unreasonably liberal, but he is haunted by the abuse of "private power," which some would prefer to call "freedom," in a way he isn't haunted by the abuse of "public power," though he abstractly admits its dangers. This is somewhat odd, not only because of the evidence of recent history, but because in his final chapter he admits that the spirit of true citizenship is rare. This being so, the existence of so much "public power," available to so many self-seeking voters and organized voting blocs (far more potent than the corporate monopolies we're adjured to look out for), ought to disturb him more than it does. Such forces are neither controlled nor redeemed by "legitimacy." □

PSYCHOANALYSIS IN EXILE

James M. Rawley

Freud in Exile: Psychoanalysis and Its Vicissitudes, edited by Edward Timms and Naomi Segal (Yale, 320 pp., $32.50)

BEGINNING WITH Freud himself, psychoanalysts have tended to be excellent writers, gifted with a terrifying directness. *Freud in Exile*—an anthology of scholarly essays loosely connected with Freud's last years in London, and with his followers' lives after fleeing Nazi Germany—contains material for about six non-fiction best-sellers and a couple of historical novels. Those who find it tedious to get history from novels and almost impossible to get non-fiction from best-sellers should, from this point of view, be delighted with it.

But readability is not everything. Hostility to American ways of thought, and to the tradition of British empiricism, is the book's steadily emphasized theme. Few concessions are made to the sensibilities of Anglophone readers.

For example, in one essay, Walter Toman writes, "Psychoanalysts do not seem to run out of patients, at least as long as they offer analytically oriented therapy as well." In other words, psychoanalysts continue to have patients as long as they offer to cure them. An obvious point, one may think, but, as Frederick Wyatt points out elsewhere in this book, many psychoanalysts feel that "the essential task of psychoanalysis is the critique of society and civilization." From their point of view, Wyatt explains, relieving mental distress is "medicalized, restrictively service-oriented, and rather mindless."

These epithets and others like them can be applied to America as a whole, and they are. Plenty. Wyatt, a Viennese who left Austria in 1938 and came to America, is charming and tolerant as he explains how hard it was for him and other expatriate psychoanalysts to adjust to American culture. Following on his heels, Ernst Federn, a Viennese who, before he could come to this country, had to be liberated by the American Army after seven years in Dachau and Buchenwald, is less friendly. He writes,

> I can now present to you adequately the true tragedy that befell psychoanalysis in exile. Not only did that exile mean loss of home, but also loss of language and loss of its philosophical bearings. . . . The pressures of economic necessity, the dismal prospect of never returning to one's home—few psychoanalysts were politically minded enough to be able to envisage Hitler's defeat—forced the average exiled psychoanalyst to adjust as quickly as possible to the philosophy of his country of exile.

One does not have to read between the lines to see here an extraordinary combination of political naïveté, hostility, and ingratitude. Many of the authors in *Freud in Exile* point out that Americans are too practical-minded to assimilate Freud's philosophical underpinnings. (Not one of them mentions that this practical-mindedness, in both England and America, is associated with a regard for individual liberty that was part of the reason German-speaking psychoanalysts could find a refuge there in the first place.)

Paradoxically, psychoanalysis and related therapies (Walter Toman shows very neatly that Rogerian analysis, behavior therapy, and other post-Freudian treatments owe a great deal more to Freud than they admit) became voguish in America as they had nowhere else, largely because they seemed to make people feel better, a reason that Freud, like his fellow Viennese, would have disdained. "We know," says Federn, "that Freud himself doubted whether the people of the United States would ever understand his work. He considered them too superficial and too pragmatic. We do not know whether Freud included England in his prejudice." It is important to these authors to know exactly what Freud's prejudices were, for they treat him throughout as a sacred source. Their mistrust of the superficial, pragmatic search for scientific verification strands them helplessly in hero-worship.

Five essays are devoted to James Strachey's "standard" English translation of Freud's works, which was deliberately carried through, with the help of the most brilliant people in the psychoanalytic movement, in order to smooth out and give consistency to Freud's thought. But now that English-speaking psychoanalysts "do not seem to run out of patients," Freudians desire a more literal version of Freud's constantly changing, idiosyncratic, and brilliantly expressed views.

Why it is important to have the exact thoughts of Freud in 1913 on a subject about which he changed his mind in 1914 is not discussed. Why nostalgia should be such an important part of what is supposed to be an advancing scientific discipline is also, in one sense, not discussed. In another sense it is the central theme of this

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collection. Psychoanalysts were not the first to bring to the New World a feeling of new beginnings chained to a feeling of loss.

It is surprisingly easy to sympathize with them, though we may smile when we hear, for example, of the psychoanalytic teacher Robert Waelder, who, according to Richard Sterba in his *Reminiscences of a Viennese Psychoanalyst*, "said to me almost in despair, 'How can I teach here [in Philadelphia], where one cannot use a single classical quotation?' "

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis. Psychoanalysts have become powerful figures in a powerful country, and are perceived more as healers and less as seers than they ever wished to be. In this book they expose us to the homelessness that makes all foreign lands seem savage. □

LATE BLOOMER

Charles Nicol

The Letters of Edith Wharton, edited by R. W. B. Lewis and Nancy Lewis (Scribner's, 654 pp., $29.95)

ASIDE FROM one letter written when she was 12, no correspondence of Edith Wharton (1862-1937) survives before that to her publishers twenty years later. Her first surviving private letters date from six years later still, when she was 38. Yet in spite of this slow beginning, about four thousand of her letters (not counting business correspondence) are extant. Edith Wharton's letters, like other aspects of her life, show a striking rise in tempo and vivacity as she reached her forties—a pace that then continued for twenty years.

Her career followed the same pattern. She published her first story at age 28 and soon began suffering what eventually became a long nervous collapse; her first book of short fiction, nine years later, included only work written after that breakdown. Her first novel came when she was forty. *The Age of Innocence* won the Pulitzer Prize when she was nearly sixty; by that time, she was averaging more than a book a year.

Her love life had a similar curve, though a much briefer peak. An early engagement was broken off by her

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fiancé's mother, with apparently no lasting effects on Edith. A summer romance with Walter Berry never quite caught fire (their acquaintance, resumed many years later, turned into a deep loyalty that ended with her grave next to his). At 25, she married the handsome, affable, but unintellectual and considerably older Edward Wharton; according to Mr. Lewis's distinguished 1975 biography, Edith was in total ignorance of the physical facts of marriage and in considerable panic about them: the marriage was not consummated for three weeks and never had a substantial sexual dimension. Her one affair—ecstatic, difficult—began when she was 45 years old; awakened by the mercurial, slightly younger Morton Fullerton, she felt that she finally lived "in the round."

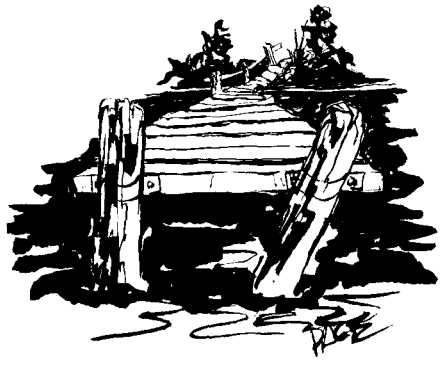
Edith Wharton's epistolary life didn't seem particularly rounded either before the recent, somewhat mysterious surfacing of her love letters to Fullerton. The previous image of her had been pretty much that of a cold fish—austere and aloof, decidedly not the kind of person to write breathlessly, "I am mad about you Dear Heart and sick at the thought of our parting and the days of separation and longing that are to follow."

But Edith, inexperienced at the effects of passion, also turns out to be a considerable whiner and nag, continually demanding more letters from her lover, threatening to interpret silence in the worst way, and at the same time claiming he doesn't need to write at all—and in this transparent contradiction prostrating herself hopelessly. Here is the shortest example I could find: "It would be a great joy if you could send me a line once a week—only never, *never* under compulsion!" It's hardly unique—in fact, it's the fourth time through this tiresome mental knot in the same letter—and only the sudden open confessions of her need save the letter from bad soap opera: "Let us for once speak out. 'Mme. de Cleves has never really lived.' Only she had a glimpse of what it was like, once, for two months, & shut down into her black box again, she struggles with tragic futility, to push the lid back a little & breathe." When we realize that her lover had a lifelong habit of wooing his women, ignoring them, and wooing them all over again, we can understand Edith's whiplashed nerves.

In literary terms, Edith Wharton is frequently identified as a disciple of Henry James, and although she rejected this critical label, James is certainly one of the most endearing presences in this collection. Though Mrs. Wharton was always recommending books to her friends, she never discussed literature when writing "the Master." Instead, she wrote of her travels; these letters include some striking descriptions of her daring visits to the French war zones during World War I. She was an intrepid sightseer, especially after purchasing an automobile in 1904. Soon all her tours were by car, even up and down the Alps. She took Henry James on many excursions, to his pretended terror. Indeed, she developed a distinctly proprietary attitude toward him and came to resent his family—whom she blamed for his rejection of a substantial sum she raised among literary friends for a seventieth birthday present.

European art and architecture were also passions with Mrs. Wharton (who eventually became a permanent expatriate), ones well represented in her letters to the art critic Bernard Berenson and his wife; eventually the young Kenneth Clark entered this circle as well. A typical comment to Berenson: "We prélassed ourselves at the Renoir show, & I, who am a confirmed anti-Renoiriste, had to own that before the fatal period of the Michelin women bathed in currant jelly he did some wonderful things."

The editing here seems excellent, but I have one quibble: the Lewises seem to assume that the reader has considerable French, some Italian, and no German; I would have preferred a more consistent attitude toward foreign phrases than the one in this passage: "Vous me comblez!—who is the journalist who describes so sympathetically the 'Englander' with the 'sanften blauen Augen'?—(je les croyais gris)?" For these three phrases, we are given only one footnote—to the Englishman with the soft blue eyes. □



LOST GENERATION

Richard Vigilante

Generation of Swine, by Hunter S. Thompson (Summit, 304 pp., $18.95)

It is hard to admit how bad Hunter Thompson's new book is. To me—as to most of the younger writers I have worked with over the past few years—Thompson, along with Tom Wolfe and a bunch of other now-aging New Journalists and their long-defunct movement, still represents the wild hope that journalism could aspire to the condition of literature, while beating the "just the facts, ma'am" boys at their own game.

It was—heck, it still is—an exciting prospect, even if (especially if?) you were, like us, primarily political journalists at constant risk of being consumed and destroyed by the hack imperative, the insistent demand of the audience to be lied to.

If the audience is made up of political ideologues, the lie they demand is that they are the only ones who see the truth in a sick world and can set things to rights. If they are typical *New York Times* readers, the lie is that everything is under control, or at least would be if the ideologues could be persuaded to sink into that ecstasy of equanimity, that libido of the tedious, that Tiresian torpor of a *Times*-man who has seen it all before and is all too willing to tell it all again, which alone qualifies a man to be an editor of the World's Only (thank heaven) Newspaper of Record—and also if some action could be taken to stabilize worrisome fluctuations in Third World bauxite prices.

The New Journalism offered escape from both lies. It put the pseudo-objective soporifics of the broadsheets to shame by applying to journalism the techniques of the realistic novel. But, at the same time, it required a romance with reality that undermined the ideologues' lust for self-deceit. For all the literary liberties of the most famous New Journalists, their stories, when done right, were more true than traditional journalism.

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Thompson was one of the best, though always a high-risk case. The rules of Gonzo, his particular sect, made him a character in every story, and the risk of self-deceit there was high. He succumbed often. The drug stories were about self-deceit, and so was the Hell's Angels book in the end, and even *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*, which could have been subtitled, "How a Guy as Hip as Me Fell for a Phony like McGovern." But the story was always there: Thompson's illusions were part of it, which come to think of it is pretty classic first-person-narrator novelistic technique and a darned effective story-telling device, which Thompson the devotee of Conrad had obviously thought a lot about.

Unfortunately the only story in *Generation of Swine*, mostly a collection of short pieces from the *San Francisco Examiner*, is how Thompson used to be a real man, and find great stories, but now he's just a worthless political hack who sits up in Aspen all day watching television (huge satellite dish, two hundred stations) and telling himself he is still a pro.

Thompson has become lazy and dishonest. Probably the most revealing story in the book is his great Haitian escapade. When Baby Doc fell, Thompson knew that Haiti was the place the old Hunter Thompson would have been, deep in the heart of a darkness made blacker than anything Conrad ever saw by the admixture of just a drop of civilization, or at least electric lights. And Thompson turned out several Haiti stories sprinkled with life-like details of demonic corruption. But he never went there (as he admits). All of his reporting was done from Miami.

The book is obsessively political. Thompson has always had strong prejudices, but these days that's all he has. Out of three hundred pages, perhaps 250 are consumed by ideological onanism, which he has somehow convinced himself will be as much fun for us as it was for him.

He is unable to demonstrate the slightest sympathy for any of his victims, except occasionally Ronald Reagan, or even to distinguish clearly among them. Reagan is "dumber than three mules" and can "have anybody who bothers him arrested." Robert Bork is a "certified hair-shirt punishment freak." Ed Meese is a "one-eyed hog." George Bush is "a truly evil man, a truthless monster with the brains of a king rat and the soul of a cockroach . . . who will loot the national treasury, warp the laws, mock the rules, and stay awake 22 hours a day looking for at least one reason to declare war, officially, on some hapless tribe in the Sahara or heathen fanatic like the Ayatollah Khomeini." George Bush?

Reagan's denunciations of Qaddafi are a "gaggle of wild charges," the bombing raid was insane, and hard-line anti-Communists and born-again Christians are fascist perverts. But just mention selling arms to Iran and our boy goes ballistic with outraged patriotism and righteous anger for the 241 Marines killed by Iranian terrorists.

The problem here is not that Thompson has strong opinions, or that his opinions differ from mine. It's that it is now possible to predict everything Thompson will say by checking out the party registration of his subject. After all, by the lights of someone who generally regards a hard-line foreign policy as unrealistic (I'm translating), an attempt to uncover a faction of Iranian moderates ought to seem like a sensible idea. But for Thompson, Ollie North and his comrades, including Reagan, Meese, and Bush, are worse than Nixon or Gordon Liddy.

No living Democrat comes in for even mild criticism. But he does have his favorites: Gary Hart and . . . Ted Kennedy. Thompson spends hundreds of pages in outraged moralizing and then breathlessly announces the real moral: "Chappaquiddick was a long time ago. Enough is enough. The time has come."

These are not the judgments of a man who has gotten close enough to the story to "bring the techniques of the realistic novel to journalism," as Wolfe used to say, techniques that require that the author understand his victims' motives if not forgive their crimes. *Generation of Swine* is no more than the wish-fulfillment of a slightly deranged registered Democrat. Hunter Thompson, king of Gonzo Journalism, Hell's Angels outrider, terror of establishment power-worshippers everywhere, is, it turns out, just another party hack, an organization man. He should be sentenced to spend the rest of his life ringing doorbells and collecting kickbacks. □

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FILM

PALE GALILEAN

John Simon

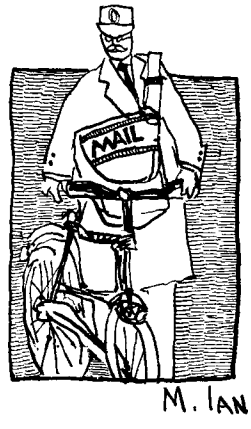
THE GREEK WRITER Nikos Kazantzakis typifies that mixture of driven, autodidactic erudition and primitive vitality that one often finds among Eastern European literati. Frenziedly seeking ultimate truths, he eclectically absorbed everything from Buddhism to Bergson (with whom he studied) and traveled restlessly across the world in search of reconciliation of our—or his—animal and angelic natures. This duality is portrayed in *Zorba the Greek* as two characters, and fused, in *The Last Temptation of Christ* (1951), in the protagonist.

I haven't read the latter novel, having had quite enough with *Zorba* and *The Greek Passion*, a piece of high-minded drivel filmed by Jules Dassin in his fruitiest manner as *He Who Must Die*. So I can't say how many of the sillinesses in Martin Scorsese's misbegotten movie version of *The Last Temptation* (the Greek version of the title) are attributable to Scorsese and his scenarist, the obnoxious and untalented Paul Schrader, and how many are Kazantzakis's own. At least the novelist had (I gather) linguistic and evocative gifts that the movie lacks.

The film does not represent so much the Fifties sensibility of the novel as the spirit of the generation of '68, which spawned Scorsese and Schrader. Rather than take more than a fleeting cue from Pasolini's *The Gospel According to Matthew* (which beats them hollow), our filmmakers have come up with a deconstruction of a Cecil B. DeMille Biblical epic, with the difference that DeMille did his homework and produced well-researched, genteelly stilted, British-style schlock, whereas Scorsese gives us sloppy, garbled, up-to-date schlock, with a hippie Christ and action and dialogue aimed at a contemporary know-nothing audience. I don't know which is worse, but DeMille was more fun.

Typical of Scorsese and Schrader's level of operation is the language of the movie. The Jesus of the Gospels speaks beautifully and commandingly, and I imagine that Kazantzakis, too, could make his Jesus articulate and even eloquent. In the movie, we sense immediate trouble as an initial quotation from the author crawls across the screen and we read, "My principle anguish . . ." People who don't know how to spell "principal" should leave Christ and Kazantzakis alone. But, of course, there is worse.

The woman caught in adultery is here Mary Magdalene, the most popular whore in Judea, whom the Jews are about to stone not, to be sure, for adultery, but for selling herself on the Sabbath, the day of rest. Jesus holds up two biggish stones and makes the following speech: "Who of you people has never sinned? Which of you has never sinned? Whichever it is, take this!" A bit later, Jesus says, with divine disregard for grammar, "Whoever is hungry for justice, they'll be blessed." He sits down with his followers and a group of Jews and says, "Come closer, we're all family." Later, an apostle remarks, "Move over, John, Peter wants to lay down."



Jesus asks the crowd, "What difference does it matter what you own?" This is so gross that I take it to be a slip of the actor, Willem Dafoe, which, in a low-budget picture (such as this is) did not seem worth rectifying. At the Last Supper—where, to oblige the feminists, women are participating—Jesus says, "Take this bread; share it together." That I would not put past Schrader; as for Scorsese, language was never his bag.

But even the manner of speaking is a problem. Dafoe talks with a somewhat hippified Middle American accent, in which, for example, Jerusalem becomes "Jeruzlem." Harry Dean Stanton, who plays Saul not as a Sadducee but as a philistine, says, "He rose zup from the dead." Most wondrous is the speech of Judas, played with flaming red hair and a built-up hook nose (more Jewish? more heroic?) by Harvey Keitel, which is straight New York sidewalk. Particularly fine is the moment when Jesus, in the desert, having just been tempted by a cobra with the voice of Mary Magdalene (Barbara Hershey, in an impossible role), is accosted by a lion with the voice of Keitel asking preposterously, "Don't you reckonize me?" It used to be *ex ungue leonem*; now it is strictly *ex voce*.

With updated (and diluted) language goes up-to-date sensibility. Thus Jesus reminds Judas, "You said if I moved one step from the revolution, you'd kill me." Judas is one of the Zealots, whom the film confuses with the Pharisees. It also presents the Essenes without naming them, thereby suggesting that contempt for the flesh was a universal Jewish tenet, which it wasn't, though it might have appealed to Kazantzakis—in theory, certainly not in practice—and to the kind of zipless Zen that Scorsese and Schrader may well be drawn to. So Christ will ask his auditors, "Who are you—I mean, really?" We're only a step from, not the revolution, but "like really, man."

When fancier diction is in order, we call on the British. Pilate is played by the English rock star David Bowie, because a Roman governor would have such a classy accent. So—in the final fantasy sequence, where Christ on the cross imagines at length the totally human life he might have led—the Lolita-ish guardian angel who uncrucifies him also speaks with a high British accent. In the *New York Times*, Janet Maslin claimed that Scorsese has, in another high-class touch, obviously studied Christian iconography. Not very well: though numerous Renaissance paintings show Christ standing before a majestically seated Pilate, Scorsese, contrary even to elementary common sense, has Dafoe sitting in his most laid-back way, while the mighty procurator, in his nervous (or is it rock-singerish?) fashion, jerkily dances around him. Most ridiculously, André Gregory, as a far-too-old John the Baptist, speaks in that fake upper-class accent of his—not so much Baptist as high Episcopalian.

The film is one of those cheesy attempts to have it both ways: be daring without offending anyone excessively. So high-ranking Jews such as Caiaphas and Herod are shown barely or not at all, and the populace is only very intermittently out for Christ's blood, lest present-day Jews take umbrage. The Romans, too, are fairly harmless—except when handed a whip or hammer and nails—lest, I presume,

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Italians take offense. These Romans, by the way, are a raggle-taggle crew of youths from Morocco (where the film was shot, on the optimistic assumption that it looks like Biblical Judea), equipped with the measliest hints of Roman armor—low budget, remember? In no way could *they* have conquered half the world; at the utmost, Hoboken. Finally, so as not to strain the patience of today's moviegoers with too much "heavy" stuff, we're given only an anthology of the best miracles (the raising of Lazarus, by the way, is played for horror, not tears) and one token parable.

There appear to be glaring historical inaccuracies, which makes the stray stab at authenticity seem forlorn, orphaned. The inscription on the cross of a Jew, whom Jesus, a carpenter for the Romans, helps crucify, is the only bit of Latin; there is no Hebrew whatever. When Christ reads from Isaiah, it is not from the Torah, but from some weird parchment he seems to be deciphering with his fingers, like Braille. Since, however, the film correctly shows the crucified as nude, it can crucify that first Jew correctly, because he disappears immediately; but how is it to dwell on Christ and the thieves without showing their genitals? Well, they are crucified in a bizarre crouching position, with one leg covering the pudenda; they look to be practicing some modern-dance routine.

Willem Dafoe, if you like your Jesus as a Zen hippie, is good enough, and very nice-looking, but wouldn't you think that the Son of God would have better teeth? It must be easier to change water into wine than Harvey Keitel into anything but Keitel; his tragic Judas, ordered by Jesus to betray him, emerges as a displaced person *avant la lettre*. At least he is no more ludicrous than those others who, unlike the apostles, don't have the good luck of being completely washed out by the film. This includes two unsightly actresses who, as Mary and Martha, become Christ's wives in the final fantasy, giving fantasizing a very bad name indeed. They bring home the truth of Jesus' answer to Judas's question about whether he could betray his master, "No, that's why God gave me the easier job—to be crucified."

The Last Temptation of Christ is a perfectly excruciating 156-minute film (there seem to have been four minutes cut recently), but reprehensible for artistic, not religious, reasons. It is too bad that various religious groups have seen fit to persecute it and thereby provide invaluable free publicity to a movie that could have died promptly of its own boring ineptitude. ☐

SOUND ON DISC

A LITTLE LIST

Ralph de Toledano

HEREUNDER a checklist of recent recordings that have given me pleasure and should you. In each case both the music and the performance merit inclusion.

☐ The Juilliard String Quartet has taken on Beethoven's Opus Nos. 127, 130, 131, 132, and 135, and the Great Fugue—a graveyard for some of our finest musicians—and triumphed. The Budapest and the Busch quartets, better in some respects than the Juilliard, were undone by these "later" Beethoven quartets because somehow they did not know why their fingers were where they were. The virtue of the Juilliard recording is that the ensemble made it a point to understand the scores before it sat down to record. Forget all the nonsense about Beethoven's deafness. He knew exactly what he was doing—challenging the form to give its utmost, however harsh the message. Though he could not hear, in rehearsal he knew what was going on by intently watching the fingers and the bowing of the musicians. He had much to say, and the Juilliard has let me in on the secret for the first time (a CBS Masterworks CD, M3K 37873).

☐ There is a certain snobbish temptation to look down one's nose at Felix Mendelssohn. Yet there is much to enjoy and to bow to in his music. It is texturally rich and reflective of its period, and warmly satisfying. Very much in this category are his "Scotch" and "Italian" Symphonies. Lure us though the critics may into ridiculous programs, these are scores that stand alone without the trappings of nonmusical tapestry. This is resplendent music and it has been brought to

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THOMAS JEFFERSON, who seems to have embraced the idea of a non-ideological kind of American exceptionalism, pled against "entangling alliances"; Theodore Roosevelt, a century later, demanded that the United States comport itself unequivocally as the rising hegemonic empire it had grown to be. Both views, while clearly debatable, were nevertheless based on reasoned readings of realities accurately apprehended by men who were not reticent about drawing strongly defined conclusions and insisting upon them. Woodrow Wilson, for all the naïve falsity of his own foreign-policy ideas, was perhaps the last of the breed to hold the Presidency; after him, the falsity and naïveté persisted, deprived of the strength of mind and will behind them. In *Wind over Sand: The Diplomacy of Franklin Roosevelt* (University of Georgia Press, Athens, Ga. 30602; $29.95), Frederick W. Marks III demonstrates how Wilson's Assistant Secretary of the Navy developed from Wilsonian doctrine the muddled, vacillating, contradictory, and self-defeating formula that we now recognize as the quintessence of modern liberal-democratic foreign policy, even as it is waged by so-called conservative governments.

Franklin Roosevelt was, all his life, bluntly scornful of the Western European countries embroiled in what he saw as their petty, jealous, and reactionary power-plays; it was America's mission, as he understood it, to instill a sense of highminded disinterestedness and responsibility in these decadent Old World societies. By contrast, the burden of Marks's book is that it was Washington—not Paris or London or Tokyo or Berlin—that, between 1933 and 1945, evinced strong symptoms of decadence, if one understands that word to connote, at bottom, a falling-away from a sense of reality once strongly perceived, but that the moral imagination has lost the courage to contemplate. The result is that, in Marks's words, while "it may be fairly said . . . that no other American Administration before 1933 had as many opportunities as the New Deal to avert the coming of war, to settle wars in progress, or to shape the future of peace," nevertheless, "not one of FDR's offers of mediation ever succeeded, and most were flatly refused."

For better than forty years, historians have attributed Franklin Roosevelt's foreign-policy difficulties in large part to unenlightened but stubborn isolationists, in Congress and outside of it, who used their considerable political influence to thwart the President in his attempts to apply a statesmanlike strategy designed to keep America out of war and bring peace in our time to a fractious world. The truth is that, to quote Professor Marks, "Isolationism in the mid to late 1930s might have been less of a problem for Roosevelt had he not done so much to foster its growth." There *was*, of course, substantial isolationist feeling—not all of it misguided—in the United States during this period, to which Roosevelt (never a politician to get out front of the polls) catered when he was not actively encouraging it. In two books, one published in 1933, the other in 1934, he argued against America's entry into the League of Nations, and (also in 1934) "he made isolationism and noninterference in European affairs a theme of one public statement after the other." In 1935 he was gratified to find "our neutrality stand . . . almost universally popular," while in 1936 he gave his support to the Neutrality Act recommended by the Nye Committee and told the Democratic convention, "We are not going to get tangled up."

Students of Roosevelt the man and of his New Deal will recognize in Marks's account of Rooseveltian diplomacy the President's compulsive inclination to split the difference, as evidenced in his management of domestic policy. "By having at his side a Morgenthau and a Hull, he virtually ensured cross-purposes." In the case of Japan, Marks insists, the President "could have adopted a clear, well-reasoned policy aimed at bringing peace to the Far East had he followed one of two options." These would have been either to work out a deal with Japan aimed at establishing a new balance of power; or to challenge Tokyo's control of Manchuria. Instead, "What Roosevelt did was to straddle. On the one hand, he adopted Stimson's moral imperative [in regard to Manchuria]. On the other, he delayed economic sanctions and declined to build his navy to treaty strength despite clear indications of congressional support and the insistent prodding of his advisors." The result was the President's duplicitous and insulting treatment of the Japanese, whom he unintentionally encouraged to resort to hostilities. Similarly, in the Western theater, "[Roosevelt] must bear a measure of the blame for the outbreak of fighting in Europe if for no other reason than the fact that while he encouraged democratic leaders to count on speedy aid from America, aid that proved wanting when the chips were down, he assured Hitler of his sympathy for revanchist goals and erected little in the way of a credible deterrent."

Marks concludes: "When all other factors are weighed, it is perhaps the parochial aspect of America [embodied in the person of FDR himself] which frustrated its chance for a more fruitful international exchange." The Roosevelt whom Marks portrays is nearly the opposite of the familiar cosmopolitan squire: condescending toward foreign cultures; surrounded by diplomats and secretaries of similar mind, many of them unable to speak the languages of the countries to which they were posted; dogmatically ethnocentric when they contemplated governments not designed in accordance with the principles of Joseph Lash and Eleanor.

THE RESULT was that the White House developed two knee-jerk responses—disarmament and economic sanctions—to any international situation not to its liking, before which statesmen of other countries, well-studied in their Machiavelli and their Metternich, could only recoil in discreet disbelief. "What is unfortunate about the foundations upon which [Roosevelt] based so much of his thinking," Marks concludes, "is that [they] shut so many doors to peace. The ideas upon which he rested his case from 1933 to 1945 proved to be a veritable bed of sand. The rain fell, the floods came, the winds blew and beat against the house, and it fell." □

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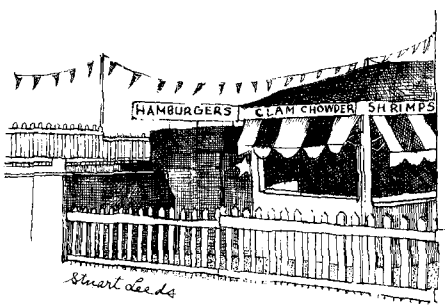
us resplendently by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Semyon Bychkov conducting (CBS Masterworks, MK 42387).

☐ I wonder how many times I have heard the Brahms Double Concerto in "live" performance—that is, from the concert stage (as if everything else rose from the tomb) or on records. This was among the last of Brahms's symphonic works, written when he was at the height of his powers and some ten years before his death. It is a rich work, cast in the classical pattern, and it brings together Isaac Stern, that superlative violinist, and Yo-Yo Ma, cellist. It is, to the best of my knowledge, the first recording of the concerto on CD, and therefore a *must* for those of us who are slowly converting our LP collection into this new and fulfilling medium (CBS Masterworks, MK 42387).

☐ Of the six great masses Joseph Haydn wrote as the eighteenth century was fading, the *Missa in Angustiis*—also known as the Nelson Mass—is perhaps the most striking and moving. In the late 1940s, the Haydn Society recorded the Nelson Mass with the incomparable basso, the late George London. This new recording does not offer a voice to match London's rich, disciplined, and powerful bass. But in all other respects it outpaces the Haydn Society production and catches the shift of mood from the cutting dissonances of the work's concern with man's mortality to its exultation at his obstinate pursuit of immortality. The power and beauty of this extraordinary mass are fully realized by Trevor Pinnock, leading the English Concert and its choir (a Deutsche Grammophon Archiv Produktion, 423-097-2).

☐ Franz Schubert, born at about the time that Haydn was writing the *Missa in Angustiis*, tried to walk down the post-Beethoven road wearing classicist shoes—*le brodequin ès pied, le flambeau dans la main.* In his larger works, moreover, he was limited by a strange inhibition of the melodic sense. For this, he was posthumously criticized as being trivial, perhaps flippant. (Posthumously, because so little of his work was performed during his lifetime; it was left for musicologists like George Grove to discover.) His first six symphonies, for all their Haydnesque little arabesques, belie such criticism. They are strong and satisfying music, and they have not been done to death like the so-called Unfinished Symphony. Nos. 1, 4, and 6, along with excerpts from *Rosamunde*, receive just the right treatment from Daniel Barenboim and the Berlin Philharmonic (CBS Masterworks, MK 44505).



☐ The question echoes, as we listen to the masses of Thomas Tallis: Why did English music, so robust during the Tudor era, simply fade away? Tallis lived and wrote under Henry VIII and into the reign of the first Elizabeth, and he was torn between Roman and Anglo-Catholicism. For this he has been called the Double Man, but there is no duplicity in his liturgical compositions—the most famous being the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, the *Salvator Mundi*, and the Mass for Four Voices. This music, as recorded by the Hilliard Ensemble, Paul Hillier directing, has an unearthly, transcendental quality heightened by a cathedral echo—as if the microphones were far distant from the singers. This is music you will play over and over, and find more to it with each playing (ECM Records 833 308-2).

☐ It is a long reach from Tallis to Kurt Weill—from the celebration of God to the damnation of Man. Yet Weill too represented a time of dislocation—the Weimar period, when corruption and art flourished in Berlin. His two famous musical dramas—*The Threepenny Opera* and *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, both written to librettos by the great Communist poet and playwright Bertolt Brecht—are searing commentaries on that corruption, somewhat in the manner of George Grosz's art. Musically, for all his dissonant acerbity, Weill at the time—before he began writing for the American musical-comedy stage—stood somewhere between the music hall and the opera house, and this

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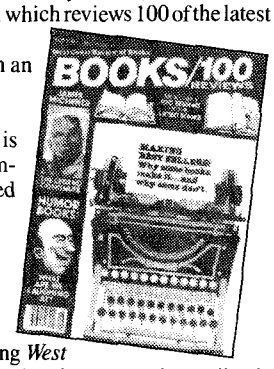

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may be what gives him his unsettling strength. Critics like Virgil Thomson place him too high, but certainly these two musical dramas merit their place in the tragic history of the German Twenties, when Central Europe was preparing itself for Hitler. Beyond their social commentary, they are good theater. Lotte Lenya, who is the lead singer, is no Gertrude Lawrence, but the backing she gets from soloists, chorus, and orchestra of another Berlin, conducted by Wilhelm Brückner Rüggeberg, more than makes up for what she lacks (CBS Masterworks, MK 42637 and M2K 77341). □

DELECTATIONS

THE FUTURE OF FOOD

Nika Hazelton

WHEN YOU THINK about cooking in the abstract, it seems strange, almost magical, what transformations you can work upon any given ingredient depending on what you choose to combine it with, how long and by what method you cook it, and so on. It makes cooking seem almost like a form of alchemy, the old practice by which people hoped to discover the elixir of life by combining certain ingredients and heating them up in strangely shaped glass containers.

Thinking of cooking as a modern sort of alchemy makes me wonder about its future. I have come to the conclusion that, as with most things in life, the answer is both positive and negative. On the one hand, however much our eating habits may be altered by changing times and technology, food is here to stay. Science-fiction writers to the contrary, people would not be content—even if it were possible—to subsist on vitamins and stuff squeezed out of tubes. But what kind of food will we eat? For the mentality of "you can never be too thin or too rich" is still very much with us; too many of us, obsessed with our diets, view a well-cooked meal not as a pleasure, but as a temptation.

And yet the cookbook departments of bookstores do very well indeed. Could it be that people are buying cookbooks just to read rather than to cook from? You have to wonder when you consider the proliferation of fast-food outlets, frozen-food sections in supermarkets, and—at least in cities like New York—everything from salad bars to the fanciest emporiums selling elaborate dishes to be taken home and reheated. It has always been true that people who could afford to do so hired cooks and patronized restaurants. But now it seems that no one is in the kitchen.

All of this makes me sad. There may be two sides to every question, but having been brought up on Dante, who puts middle-of-the-roaders into one of the nastier places in his Inferno, I declare myself as a committed believer in the art and practice of cooking.

While the most glamorous side of cooking (dominated by men, I might add), is restaurant cooking, where the fashionable chefs get as much press coverage as film stars, there is no need for the home cook to feel she must compete with these chefs on their own ground. Instead, offer your family and friends the sorts of dishes they simply won't get in restaurants.

A particularly good idea is to cater to people's nostalgia for certain foods. I personally think that nostalgia is a third-rate emotion, but certainly food nostalgia is one of its more benign manifestations—sighing for the taste of foods that bring back pleasant memories of the past, and especially of childhood. I have discovered, by the way, that when you cook for sufferers of food nostalgia, you must stress the ingredient that made the dish so memorable, such as the sage in pork chops, the cinnamon in apple pie, or the vanilla in a pudding.

By catering to food nostalgia, you will acquire a reputation not only as a great cook, but as an understanding, sympathetic woman as well. This may not get you a brilliant office job, but as my mother (God rest her soul) used to say, being able to cook a really good meal is an honorable way of keeping admirers long after the bloom of youth has faded away. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Revolution, by Martin Anderson (Harcourt, Brace, 486 pp., $19.95)

IN MARCH 1981—a transitional month when goober shells, moon-pie wrappers, and the detritus of Jimmy Carter's policies and programs were still being swept from the West Wing crannies—four members of the Reagan White House were featured on the cover of *Fortune* magazine. Labeled "the Team," they were the new President's chief economic advisors, charged with giving shape and meaning to what would come to be called "the Reagan revolution." Now, nearly eight years later, the four "revolutionaries" have long since gone their separate ways, their contributions to the history of the Reagan era duly noted. Well, not quite. Murray Weidenbaum, Reagan's first chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, has yet to weigh in with his obligatory White House insider's book; though his erstwhile Teammates David Stockman and Donald Regan certainly have, the former with the opportunistic zeal of a hand-biting main-chancer, the latter with an egoistic back-alley assault not simply on the President he served but on the First Lady as well. Kiss-and-tell, kick-and-tell. The genre having become an accepted form of American political/literary expression, is there any way the White House memoir can be handled fairly, honorably, even constructively? Martin Anderson, the fourth Reaganaut featured on that distant *Fortune* cover, has done that and more with a political memoir that deals not only with the people and events but with the ideas that served as the motivating pistons of the revolution that he, more than any of his cover-boy colleagues, helped create. Not that *Revolution* is a bloodless ideological tract. On the contrary, Anderson's inside story of the Reagan years, from the rise of the supply-siders to the fall of the Iran-Contra conspirators, is as full-bodied and provocative as any other account written to date. The difference is that this author has no ego problem to work out. Recommended to those interested in a scholar's view of history-in-the-making; as well as to Murray Weidenbaum, as a model, when he gets around to doing *his* insider's book. VICTOR GOLD

LETTERS

(Continued from page 10)

ity growth of the postwar era, the U.S. did lead in growth of industrial production and in improvement in productivity growth, despite our world-leading absolute productivity level and our world-leading growth in employment and relatively small losses in manufacturing employment.

I correctly used gross investment as a share of gross national product. During this recovery most indices of investment (except structures) grew at least twice as fast as GNP and consumption grew slightly more slowly than GNP. The U.S. was the only OECD country to increase investment as a share of GNP during the 1980s. Mr. Cregan's net investment figures (after depreciation) are not relevant during a period when investment shifted from tax-sheltered structures written off over a period of some twenty years to high-technology equipment written off over three to five years. All my investment numbers, however, substantially understate the real investment gain of the period because they leave out software and sharp improvements in U.S. capital efficiency.

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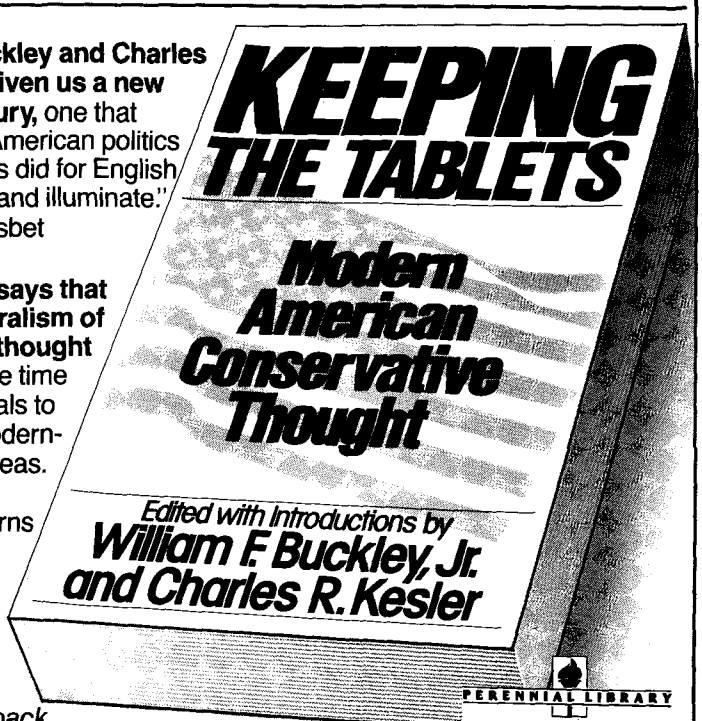

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nology industries in which U.S. firms use outside sources and assemble globally, and are gaining market share. As I have often explained in these pages and elsewhere, the trade deficit is a fully positive reflection of faster U.S. growth, better competitiveness, and greater attractiveness to investors.

Does Mr. Cregan think the U.S. economy was stronger under President Carter, with a trade surplus, record net investment, and the U.S. as a prodigal net lender? Someday, conservatives who have been predicting disaster for a decade while tax rates plummet will learn to comprehend the sources of growth in an entrepreneurial economy.

George Gilder
Tyringham, Mass.

Say Again?

In the last paragraph of "The Tax Gap" ["The Week," Aug. 5] Ed Rubenstein indicated that "31.3 per cent of those eligible to save money by income averaging actually bother to do so." The last I knew, income averaging was abolished for years beginning after 1986. I attach a copy of my Prentice-Hall 1988 *Federal Tax Handbook*.

I would appreciate a clarification.

G. William Hatfield
Certified Public Accountant
Oneida, N.Y.

Mr. Hatfield is absolutely correct in asserting that income averaging is no longer permitted under the U.S. tax code. It was eliminated as of January 1, 1987, pursuant to the Tax Reform Act of 1986. (That is the same law that reduced the top marginal tax rate from 50 per cent to 28 per cent, thereby removing much of the reason for averaging.)

The sentence in question should have read: "The National Bureau of Economic Research reports, for example, that in 1981 only 31.3 per cent of those eligible to save money by income averaging actually bothered to do so."

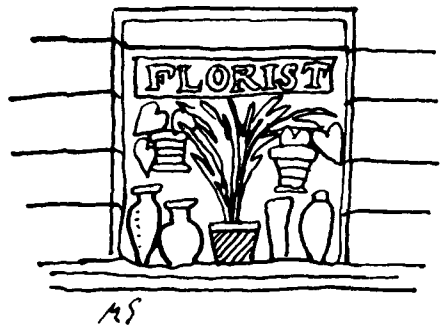
I regret any inconvenience caused by the earlier wording. —ER

EVANS

(Continued from page 41)

budget policies, expressions of solidarity with Marxist Nicaragua, demonstrations in favor of sanctions against South Africa, endorsement of gay and lesbian rights, and so on.

While women by and large take more liberal views than men on national-security and "compassion" issues, it may well be doubted that a majority of women agree with the comprehensive leftist agenda of NOW. Shortly after the 1984 election, surveys among American women showed that substantially larger numbers called themselves "conservative" than chose the designation "liberal." According to the National Opinion Research Center, conservative women outnumbered liberals by 33 to 24 per cent, while the Roper organization found conservatives in the ascendant by a margin of 43 to 22 per cent.



Contemporaneous surveys by Louis Harris and others showed American women hostile to the Sandinistas, against disinvestment in South Africa, in favor of prayer in the schools, and so on. An extensive poll by *Woman's Day* found a mix of attitudes: women took more liberal stands on day care, defense spending, and other issues, but majorities also said they a) would not vote for a homosexual for public office, b) strongly favored the death penalty, and c) wanted us to do more than we were doing to halt the spread of Communism around the world.

Even on abortion, generally considered a prototypical Women's Issue of the Left, the surveys reveal a much more conservative view than that professed by NOW. A Harris poll in early 1985, for instance, found a majority of women agreeing that performing an abortion "is the equivalent of murder," and a substantial minority (45 per cent, to 51 per cent on the other side) agreeing that "abortions should be banned."

All of which highlights a curious feature of our politics—a phenomenon best described, perhaps, as "leaders without followers." By some mysterious process, we have acquired an array of self-anointed "spokespersons" who are constantly showcased in news reports, congressional hearings, and other forums as representing important sectors of society, but who in the crunch turn out to be estranged from the opinions of their presumed constituents.

This state of affairs is not confined to Women's Groups and Women's Issues, having also surfaced among labor unions, consumer "advocacy" groups, churches, and others regularly heard from in our discourse. In case after case we are treated to "spokesperson" stances on the issues that are quite different from the opinions of the rank and file. How this has come about, and what if anything can be done about it, are topics deserving greater scrutiny than they have yet received.

The fact that the gender gap was largely a chimerical problem for Reagan doesn't necessarily mean, of course, that it will be the same for Bush. It does suggest, however, a proper method of dealing with the matter. Though much more an anathema to the Designated Women than Bush has ever dreamt of being, Reagan managed to overcome their opposition by emphasizing conservative issues that have popular support—traditional and family values, resistance to higher taxes, a tough-line stance on law and order—thereby securing the suffrage of both men and women.

As that performance indicates, the most important part of an election is deciding what it is going to be *about*. All voter groups, however defined, have inconsistent attitudes on all sorts of issues, some favoring liberals, some conservatives, some with no discernible ideological focus. The burning question at election season is which issues are going to be salient in their thinking. Clearly, Reagan succeeded in getting his issues to the forefront.

The situation confronting Bush is essentially the same, although the skills and initial positioning of the candidate are different. If this is an election about who can do a better job of managing day care, protecting the environment, or carrying out other tasks framed for the Republicans by the Designated Women, then the gender gap and other problems afflicting Bush are likely to persist, and the Republicans will lose the White House.

If, on the other hand, this is an election about keeping a lid on taxes, creating jobs, getting back to basics in the schools, taking a tough line against crime, and other issues where men and women alike are basically conservative, then Bush and the Republicans may yet emerge the winners. □

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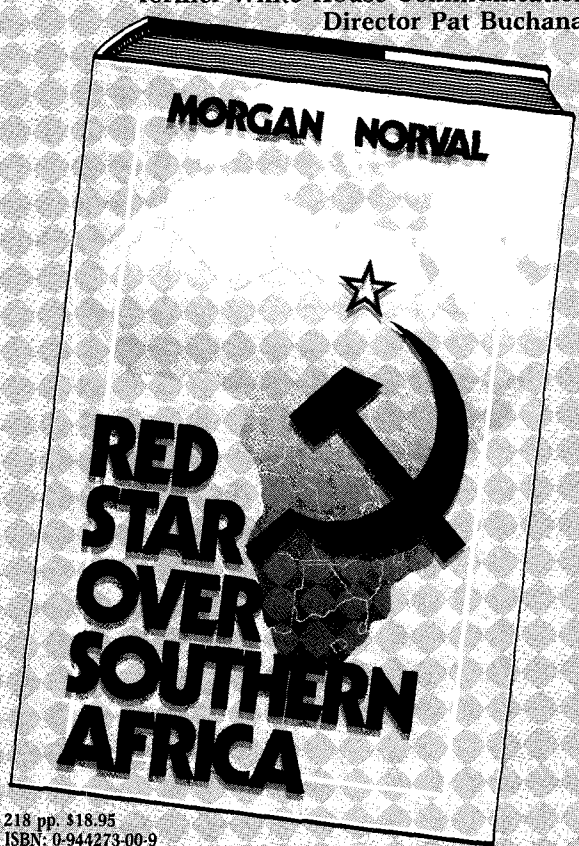

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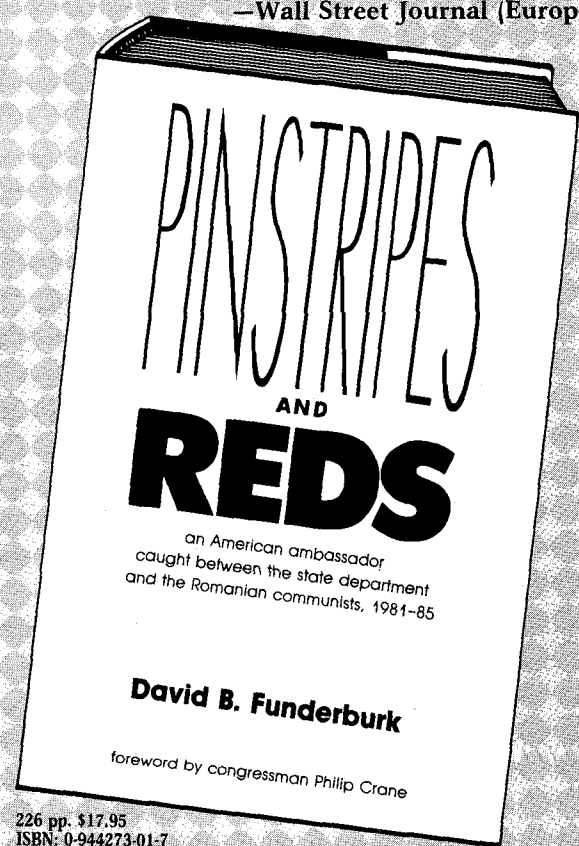
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IT WAS A POLITICAL MISTAKE

NEW YORK, AUG. 8

SENATOR JOHN DANFORTH, the Republican from Missouri, commented that the opposition by Ronald Reagan to the labor bill requiring sixty days' notice of a plant closing had been a "political mistake." The trouble with repudiating a bill because to do the contrary would be a political mistake is that it turns self-government over to plebiscitarian rule, going from the merely mischievous, to the ridiculous. Anyone in the South who before the late Sixties advocated integrated schools was making a "political mistake." And we all remember the state senator in Indiana who on behalf of the student population introduced a measure to change the value of pi from 3.1416 to just plain three. Was it a political mistake to vote against the senator's measure? Were the schoolchildren disappointed? And their mothers?

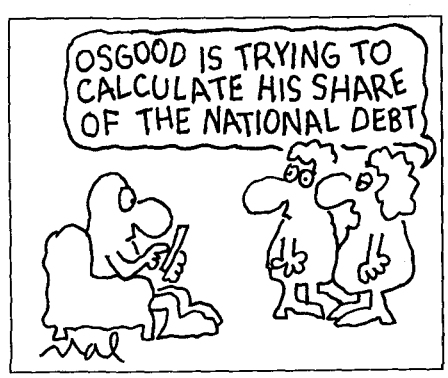
When Ronald Reagan decided what-the-hell, he would let the plant-closing bill become law even though he thought it a bad bill, he was doing what the majority of Republicans rather hoped he would do. What is depressing is that they did make the correct judgment. That is, the majority of the American people had become convinced that it should be a financial obligation of a plant employing more than one hundred people to give sixty days' notice that the plant is going to close. Opposition to the proposed law automatically meant that the opponent didn't care about the plight of workers.

If you come down to it, it is hard to know exactly why the Democrats believe that Republicans take pleasure in a plant's closing abruptly. What kind of kink are we supposed to be satisfying? If it were true that Republicans enjoy the idea of workers losing their jobs suddenly, then wouldn't it follow that Republicans would take pleasure in unemployment? Yet a higher percentage of the American population now works than ever before. And, in the past eight years, America has developed more jobs (16 million) than in any other eight years in U.S. history. Are we supposed to believe that Republicans regret that increase in employment?

One hears, sadly, the old disjunctions. The assumption that that which is good for labor is bad for business, and vice versa. Thus Mr. Tony Coelho, the loudest mouth in the Democratic Party, commented that obviously the Republicans back business, whose interest it is to damage labor. The Industrial Revolution is about two hundred years old, and that ought to be enough time for mature men and women, as distinguished from most politicians—who are, after all, professionally in search of divisive issues—to recognize that the interests of labor and of management are, generally speaking, identical. There can't be any wages without entrepreneurial profits, and there can't be any entrepreneurial profits without wages. Why is that so hard to grasp?

It is by no means exclusively the fault of organized labor. Irving Kristol, in his book called *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, discussed various instances of sheer stupidity by American capitalists. It makes for wonderful rhetorical thunder at political conventions to point out—let us say—that Gotrocks Jones, President of Consolidated Brass, got a $3-million bonus the same year that a plant operated by Consolidated in Wisconsin closed down on Christmas Eve without any notice being given to the employees. There are such things as capitalist stupidity, capitalist greed, capitalist insensibility. But exactly that is also true of labor unions. And the point of the democratic exercise is to bear it constantly in mind that to discover vice in the practitioners of a system is not to indict the system, nor to justify rules that disturb the organic equilibrium between reciprocal parts of a system.

But Ronald Reagan has always known when a political gesture is just plain futile. In California, having vowed never to do so, he finally signed a bill providing for withholding taxes: the alternative wasn't worth it. Well, Ronald Reagan let the plant-closing bill become law without the benediction of his signature. The alternative—an increase in demagogic leverage during the campaign—wasn't worth it. The victims of the whole exercise? American workers who will gradually lose their jobs as the result of an increase in overhead. □



CAN A CHURCH TAKE SIDES?

NEW YORK, AUG. 12

THERE ARE two reasonable approaches to the whole idea of tax exemption for religious institutions. The first is: There shouldn't be any tax exemption for anybody, or anything. Not for the little church around the corner, not for Harvard University, not for the Olympic Laser Sailboat Committee. That position is so defensible that it happens to be my own: the government should get out of the way of using tax policy to encourage or discourage particular activities.

The second way is to say: Okay, here is your tax exemption, and here is a list of things you can't do. In days gone by, they used to call these "Prohibited Transactions." But they were full of holes. Tax-exempt publications could not spend "substantial" time urging legislation, and on no account could come flat-out in favor of a political candidate. But there were exceptions. For instance, a veterans organization could both back legislation and back candidates for office by name. The rationale here was that veterans organizations were substantially about legislation favoring veterans, so what is the use of having a veterans organization if you can't use it to lobby for your interests? I participated in the organization meeting of one journal of opinion which, reaching for tax deductibility, toyed with the notion of launching a "veterans organization" to be called "Nothing's Too Good for Our Boys," and thumbing its nose at the IRS all the way to the bank.

But the business of denial of tax exemption can become an instrument of harassment, and that is happening right now to the Catholic Church. One doubts it will ever come to a question of actually with-

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drawing tax exemption from the Church. I have no doubt that if that day approached, the Church would contrive to meet that challenge by having a great hand reach down from the skies, pick up the U.S. Capitol, and drop it into the Potomac. But the attempt cannot be simply ignored. It is backed, of course, by the American Civil Liberties Union, something called the National Association of Laity, and a couple of dozen other pro-abortion organizations; and, yes, the alleged infraction of the Church is its stand on abortion. Specifically: the 1980 attack on two pro-choice congressional candidates by Humberto Cardinal Medeiros of Boston; a 1984 statement by his successor, Archbishop Bernard Law, and 17 other bishops defining abortion as the critical issue of that year's presidential campaign; and a television appearance, also in 1984, by Archbishop John O'Connor of New York urging voters not to support candidates who take a pro-choice stance.

As it happens, the legal arguments are winding around a technicality, namely whether the plaintiffs have "standing." I.e., have they suffered, or will they suffer as the result of the court's verdict, and do they therefore have the right to bring a grievance before the courts? The defense claims that any future ruling by the courts cannot undo something done in 1984. The plaintiffs argue that the removal of tax exemption is the only way to guard against future infractions.

But the interesting question is extra-bureaucratic. It is: Should a church have the right, while enjoying conventional tax protections, to urge the incorporation into law of a deeply held moral belief? We don't believe in polygamy: should a church be penalized for advocating anti-polygamy laws? During the nineteenth century in America, the case against slavery crystallized above all in the churches, even as it had done in Great Britain. Was it incorrect for churches to press the case for emancipation among their parishioners? "Incorrect" in the sense that to do so would be to violate the (then non-existent) tax code?

Insight into the question comes by asking oneself, Doesn't the constitutional prohibition against denying the freedom of religion subdue the case against the Catholic Church? *The Christian Century* magazine lost its tax exemption for a few years because it came out for Lyndon Johnson for President in 1964. One could understand if it had lost its soul for making that argument, but the secular punishment, in order to be plausible, should have been based on the extra-moral character of the partisan position. If a Catholic bishop said, Vote for any Republican, one might properly raise the objection. But if he said, Vote for any candidate, irrespective of whether he is Republican or Democratic, who believes in protecting the life of the unborn, surely he would be arguing a moral position distinguishable from the kind of partisanship the IRS is seeking to discourage.

But of course, it's as simple as this: you crank up all these eristic arguments against this organization or that one depending on what positions they are taking. I'd like to see action by the anti-Catholic team taken against a church that recommended voting only for candidates who believed in gay rights. But that won't happen. How come? Easy. Hypocrisy. □

DISGRACE ABOUNDING

NEW YORK, AUG. 5

THERE ARE eight news stories on the front page of the *New York Times*—"the newspaper of record"—on August 5, 1988. Five deal with crime. They induce a little sorrowful reflection.

The lead story? "BIAGGI CONVICTED / IN WEDTECH CASE; / SIMON ALSO GUILTY • Appeal is Planned • Bronx Lawmaker Faces / Possible Expulsion— / Jurors Acquit One."

Abutting the lead story, on the left, we read, "HERTZ ADMITS USE / OF FRAUD IN BILLS / FOR AUTO REPAIRS • $20-Million Plea Accord • 110,000 Victims May Receive / Refunds for Overcharges / During 7-Year Period."

Directly under the lead, specifically under a picture of Representative Mario Biaggi "arriving home after his conviction," one reads, "10 ARE INDICTED / IN MAJOR FRAUD / ON BLOOD TESTS."

And just to the left of that story is the headline, "6 CHARGED WITH RACKETEERING / IN WALL STREET INSIDER INQUIRY."

And then a little story directly south of it: "Company Shuts / In Fraud Case."

And they talk about sleaze in government.

There is sleaze everywhere, and it is not particularly rewarding to attempt ideological correlations. The stories here headlined tend to speak for themselves. But suppose we examine them in an etiological light, to see whether they tell us anything about social and capital organization in America.

Mario Biaggi is a conservative, true enough. But he is also a Democratic congressman. And Stanley Simon, his co-defendant, is the former Bronx borough president. Mr. Biaggi's son was also convicted.

Now Wedtech was one of those little companies encouraged by federal funds; it was everywhere praised as the exemplary entrepreneurial creature of a young Puerto Rican. Unhappily, it transpired that the reason Wedtech was doing so well was that a congressman was ushering its bids through Congress, demanding a mere 5 per cent payoff. You figure it out whether this is more nearly a Republican or a Democratic crime.

Hertz's greed and larceny is 100 per cent private-sector. The company faked bills and imposed them on the insurance company and on clients.

The blood-test case is gruesomely interesting because involved in it were clinical laboratories and at least one physician—to be sure, decertified. These gentry made their millions by taking blood—often from drug-users, some of whom had AIDS—for phony tests with which to defraud Medicaid. In some cases, they extracted blood so greedily that the blood-seller nearly died. There is no political inflection built into this story. It merely reminds us that there are people around who will risk killing other people for a few dollars.

The Wall Street story has a government angle only in the sense that the purpose of the great scam was to create illegal tax losses through fraudulent stock deals. One could say that if taxes weren't so high—or (as in Paradise) if there were no taxation at all—then there would have been no incentive for the six gentlemen to create their ingenious racketeering conspiracy described by U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani as "a classic pattern of criminal activity."

And, finally, the little Florida company. Well, it was obviously what one might call a camp follower. Wherever the Pentagon goes with its $300 billion, you will have whores of every kind. Some engage in sex for profit, others in bribery for profit. The Pentagon has raised a lot of eyebrows lately, and if there is anyone around with an eyebrow unraised, help yourself to Armtec, which is said to have been set up primarily as a vehicle for making improper payments to federal officials.

ARE WE, on the basis of this kind of evidence, to conclude that ours is an especially corrupt society? Well, another way to put it is that probably fewer Swiss or Swedes would do this kind of thing. America is a land of legal and illegal swingers. The Yankee tradition is embodied in the Nutmeg State. Connecticut traders went out in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to sell nutmeg. But when they ran out of the real stuff, they sold sawdust instead, and called it nutmeg; and everyone thought this absolutely hilarious, and Connecticut celebrated its miscreants by nicknaming itself after the symbol of their misdeeds.

Still, even if it is traditional, and even if we remind ourselves, for relief, how endemic was crime and corruption in Imperial Rome and in Bourbon France and in Czarist Russia and, God knows, in just about every Third World country—even so, it is a little mortifying. How is it that so many Americans failed at an early age to care about right and wrong? Or is it a violation of the First Amendment to stress the difference? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Did John Simon's job — 121 143 90 29 85 173 10 47

B. Correct belief — 164 39 66 112 101 133 2 27 80

C. Tower of London guard — 74 148 30 159 119 55 104 38 181

D. Stressed — 109 73 5 135 167 25 154 147 64 51

E. Like a floundering ship of state? — 68 75 99 24 115 160 145 4 103 120

F. EMK's favorite toy? (2 words) — 86 128 21 163 177 37 6 106 63

G. New Hampshire Mount — 89 50 114 150 12 175 62 77 22 155

H. Art of controversy — 8 92 125 48 58 146 100 13

I. Sunday gift — 60 81 67 17 129 170 98 152

J. City in upstate New York — 72 54 127 174 84 19

K. Limber — 124 91 176 44 136 31 82 11 161

L. Atlanta university — 169 36 139 83 178

M. Proposed for office — 158 20 165 107 132 45 56 179 71

N. Basis of the Hebrew faith (2 words) — 113 23 168 76 94 1 149 65 34 130 / 171 46

O. Spoke with difficulty — 156 43 97 118 3 79 32 69 138

P. Like some roofs — 172 78 180 28 49 16 122 110

Q. Art lover — 153 59 182 116 87 162 15 35

R. Lawsuit — 93 117 134 26 42 144 141 57 7 102

S. "Colorful" Revolutionary general (1742-86) — 18 105 70 52 41 151

T. Causing higher prices — 40 140 61 9 131 111 157 88 95 123 / 142 137

U. General pardon — 53 166 108 33 14 96 126

1 N	2 B	3 O	4 E		5 D	6 F	7 R	8 H	9 T	10 A		11 K	12 G	13 H	14 U		15 Q	16 P	17 I
	18 S	19 J	20 M	21 F		22 G	23 N	24 E		25 D	26 R	27 B	28 P	29 A	30 C	31 K		32 O	33 U
34 N	35 Q	36 L	37 F	38 C	39 B	40 T	41 S	42 R		43 O	44 K	45 M	46 N		47 A	48 H	49 P	50 G	51 D
52 S		53 U	54 J		55 C		56 M	57 R	58 H	59 Q		60 I	61 T		62 G	63 F	64 D	65 N	66 B
	67 I	68 E	69 O	70 S	71 M	72 J	73 D		74 C	75 E	76 N		77 G	78 P	79 O	80 B		81 I	82 K
83 L	84 J	85 A	86 F		87 Q	88 T	89 G		90 A	91 K	92 H	93 R	94 N	95 T	96 U		97 O	98 I	99 E
	100H	101B	102R	103E	104C	105S	106F	107M	108U	109D	110P		111T	112B	113N	114G	115E		116Q
117R	118O	119C	120E		121A	122P	123T	124K	125H	126U		127J	128F	129I	130N		131T	132M	133B
	134R	135D	136K	137T		138O	139L	140T	141R		142T	143A	144R	145E	146H	147D	148C		149N
150G	151S		152I	153Q	154D	155G	156O		157T	158M		159C	160E	161K	162Q	163F	164B	165M	
166U	167D	168N	169L		170I	171N		172P	173A	174J	175G	176K	177F		178L	179M	180P	181C	182Q

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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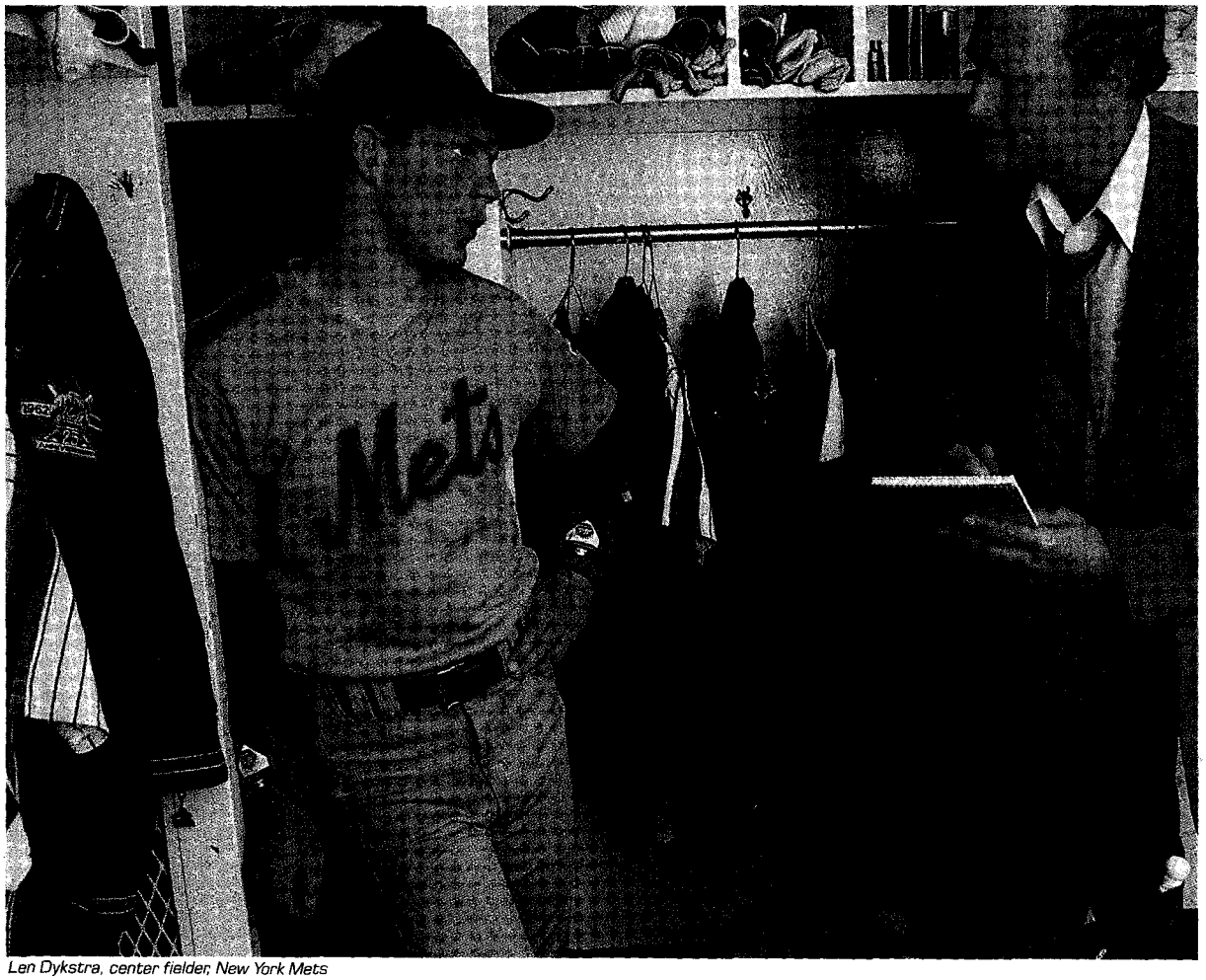

Len Dykstra, center fielder, New York Mets

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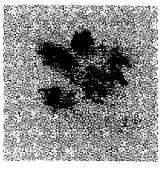
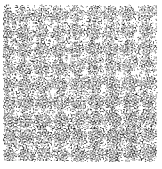


Visa fabric before washing
Shows grass and dirt stains



Visa fabric after washing
Stains have been completely released

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